

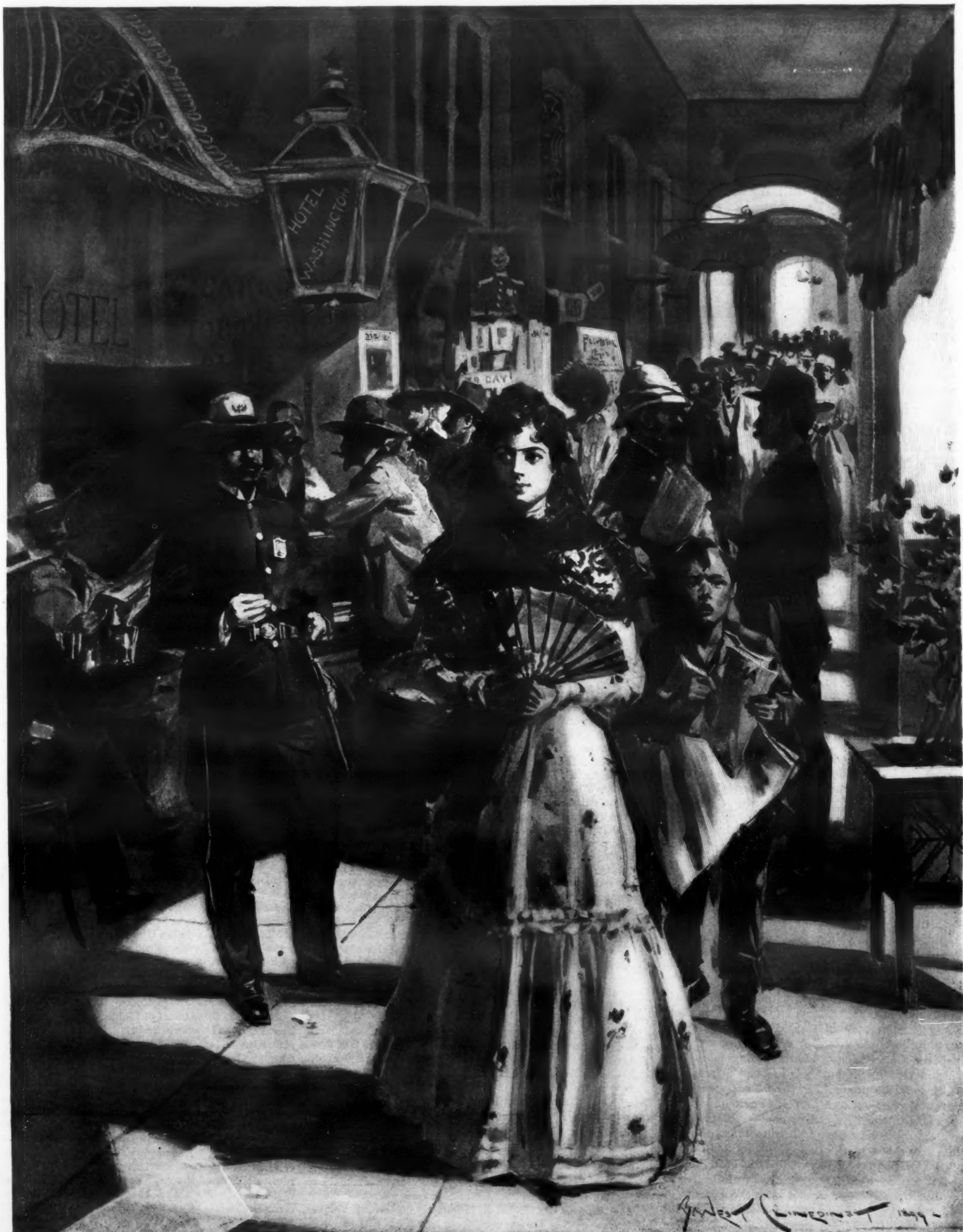
Admiral Dewey Talks about the Presidency—First Authentic Interview with Him in This Issue.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED

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THE GAY PANORAMA OF LIFE IN HAVANA.

THE CROWD DURING THE EARLY AFTERNOON, WALKING UNDER THE ARCADE NEAR THE HOTEL CENTRE OF THE CUBAN CAPITAL.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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Admiral Dewey and the Presidency.

THE inspiring and decisive victory won by the courage and dash of Admiral Dewey in Manila Bay at the very opening of the war with Spain made him, by all odds, the supreme character of the war and its most notable hero.

The American people love a hero, and it is perfectly natural, therefore, that the name of Admiral Dewey should have been promptly coupled with the thought of the Presidency. The possibility of the admiral's return some time this year, preceding the Presidential period, was in the public mind, and it was felt that the nation would extend to him such an ovation as no other American of his time had ever received, the culmination of which at this peculiar juncture would be the tender of the greatest civic honor that the people can offer to their accepted hero—the Presidency of the United States. All other names, under the stress of such circumstances, would be forgotten, even those that were most deserving, for the American people are moved by the impulses of patriotism as few other nations ever are.

Under these circumstances, LESLIE'S WEEKLY commissioned its special representative at Manila to interview Admiral Dewey regarding the Presidential question. That interview, the first one of its kind, is printed in this issue. It is a reflection of the mind of Admiral Dewey, and it reveals him in his character not only as a hero, but as a thoughtful, considerate, sagacious, and conservative man. The admiral says that he is a sailor and not a politician; that he is too old to change his profession, and that, while he is not unmindful of the generous tributes paid him by the American people, and the compliment involved in the suggestion of his name for the Presidency, he cannot consent to be a candidate. This would appear to be final, were it not for the fact that the admiral further states that it is presumptuous to accept or reject a nomination before it is offered.

Our interview with Admiral Dewey will awaken widespread interest. It remains to be seen whether it will be accepted by the American people as conclusive.

The Fight for Trade.

ENGLAND is looking in all directions for trade, and especially in those directions where it can counteract the growing commercial influence of the United States. It is even experimenting with the importation of fruits from Cape Colony, and its connoisseurs in fruit report that African plums, apricots, peaches, pears, and grapes are more delicious than California fruits, and that they ripen in midwinter, when California fruits are not in season. The difficulty about this experiment is that it takes a month to bring the fruits to London, packed in cold chambers, and that they are extremely expensive, Japanese plums from Cape Colony selling in London at about twenty-five cents, peaches at thirty-five, and pears at fifteen apiece. The London papers insist that this fruit can be greatly cheapened if the Cape Colony horticulturists can be taught the methods of Californians.

While the British papers are exploiting the small trade in foreign fruits the United States authorities are reaching out for the enormous trade of Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines. The bureau of statistics at Washington reports that we have been spending more than \$250,000,000 a year in the purchase of tropical products, all of which could be produced in the islands mentioned, under the auspices of our own people. These imports include \$100,000,000 worth of coffee, another \$100,000,000 of sugar, and \$50,000,000 of tropical fruits, tobacco, hemp, jute, nuts, and rubber.

All of the islands named have now been brought into closer trade relations with us by the events of the recent war, and consequently offer us not only the benefits of their products, but also the benefit of their trade in our own productions. Heretofore, Porto Rico has imported goods to the value of about \$16,000,000 a year; Cuba, \$85,-

000,000; the Philippines, about \$22,000,000, and Hawaii, \$7,000,000. Nearly all these imports can be produced in the United States much better than in any other country. More than this, if we establish our commercial supremacy at Manila we will be the nearest great nation to offer trade benefits to countries adjacent to the Philippines, whose importations amount to the vast aggregate of \$1,000,000,000 per annum, with their chief points of distribution as near to Manila as Havana is to New York.

It is well to study these figures and observations, for the great strife of the century among the nations is the competition for trade. All the commercial world is focusing its eyes upon the United States and gazing with amazement upon the prodigious strides we are making. Last year the domestic exports from the United States were \$1,234,000,000, while those from the United Kingdom, the greatest of all commercial nations, amounted to \$1,132,000,000. Only twice before have the domestic exports of the United States exceeded a billion dollars, while those of the United Kingdom have constantly exceeded that figure during the last twenty years.

While last year we imported no greater amount of goods from the United Kingdom than we did twenty years ago, our exports of domestic merchandise to the United Kingdom increased fifty-four per cent. over what they were in 1879. The United States and the United Kingdom now supply about a third of all the world's importations, and it will not be long before the English-speaking nations will control the balance of the world's trade. How important it is, therefore, that our people should pay careful attention to economic and commercial questions, and to the maintenance of the highest possible public credit.

The prosperity of a nation means the prosperity of all its people, and the humblest laborer should remember that he has his share in the commercial success of the nation to which he owes his allegiance and upon which he depends for support and security. It will be a happy day for this country when the intelligent comprehension of this truth by the masses will make it impossible for political agitators to mislead them by glittering sophistries and by appeals to the lowest prejudices and passions.

"Leslie's Weekly" Wanted.

Copies of LESLIE'S WEEKLY of the following numbers and dates are desired, to complete our files. We will be glad to pay for any of these that our readers may be able to furnish us. Kindly address the copies to LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

January 6th, 1898, No. 2208.
January 13th, 1898, No. 2209.
January 27th, 1898, No. 2211.
February 3d, 1898, No. 2212.
February 10th, 1898, No. 2213.
February 17th, 1898, No. 2214.
February 24th, 1898, No. 2215.
March 3d, 1898, No. 2216.
May 12th, 1898, No. 2226.
June 2d, 1898, No. 2229.

Fire Traps in Cities.

MR. WALTER DICKSON, a well-known New York architect, commenting on the destruction of the Windsor Hotel by fire, with a awful loss of life, says "there are hundreds of hotels, apartments, lodging-houses, and theatres in New York, many of them old buildings and miserable ramshackle structures, covered with wood, papier-mache, and gold tinsel, which are nothing but tinder-boxes." Mr. Dickson adds: "Some night another holocaust will startle the community. A theatre will swallow up its entrapped patrons who, before they can manage to escape through the narrow, circuitous passages and foyers, emblazoned with the mammoth word 'exit,' will have been smothered, trampled upon, and burned to death."

We doubt if there are more than two or three of the first-class theatres in New York which are as dangerous as Mr. Dickson represents. The theatres of late construction and those which have been renovated on approved fire-proof lines have abundant exits, are carefully policed and fire-manned, and are practically free from danger. We could name one or two, however, that are conspicuously dangerous, and it may be a public duty to point these out if, after investigation, the facts are clear and indisputable.

Greater than the danger from fire in places of public resort, is the danger to the small lodging-houses and over crowded apartments and tenements. Many of these are located over cellars used for bakeries, and the upsetting of a pot of hot fat or the kindling of a spark in the tinder wood in these cellars means an instant conflagration, with imminent danger of suffocation to the people in the crowded lodgings above. A number of appalling disasters have occurred under precisely these circumstances, and yet we understand that tenement-house bake-shops continue in business, and that no additional safeguards have been provided for the poor families residing in them in New York and all other large cities.

The Bowery lodging-houses, crowded almost to suffocation on cold nights, are also centres of great danger and it is a misfortune that they cannot be replaced by absolutely fire-proof, cheap hotels for the masses, like those erected by our philanthropic fellow-citizen, Mr. D. O. Mills. The two Mills hotels in New York are absolutely indestructible from fire, and are crowded nightly with contented lodgers. More than that, they bring in a small revenue. If philanthropists would follow the example of Mr. Mills and make investments in fire-proof lodging and tenement-houses, they would not only serve a philanthropic purpose, but would also secure a profitable income on their investment. It would not be necessary, therefore, to make them charitable enterprises.

The Windsor fire has led to the utterly unwarranted statement that most of the great hotels in New York City are fire-traps. Very few of the leading hotels are without abundant

protection against fire, and in several of them a barrel of tar could be burned in any apartment without endangering the safety of the structure. The best evidence of the fire-proof character of the leading hotels in New York is furnished by the very low rates of insurance fixed upon them by the board of fire underwriters. This rate, of course, is lowest on the most modern of the new hotels, built absolutely of fire-proof material, like the Holland, the Imperial, the Plaza, the Park Avenue, and one or two others that might be mentioned. But the rates on none of our great hotels indicate apprehension on the part of fire insurance companies regarding the risk from fire.

In no other city in the world are the great hotels more carefully watched and safeguarded than the hotels of New York, and in none are the rates of fire insurance lower. The Windsor was of the flimsiest construction, a regular "lumber pile," as one fire inspector described it. The fire occurred while most of the help were away from their posts of duty, in the middle of the afternoon, watching the St. Patrick's Day parade. Had the fire occurred at midnight, with every watcher at his post, it probably would have made but little headway. A combination of unfortunate circumstances had as much to do with the speedy destruction of the Windsor as its lack of fire-proof construction.

The Plain Truth.

WITH that hard common sense which is closely allied to genius, ex-Governor Flower promptly and publicly declares against the proposition to grant a perpetual underground franchise in the city of New York to the Metropolitan Railroad, without adequate remuneration. When Mr. Flower was Governor he made it a rule never to sign a bill granting a public charter unless it provided for payment for the privilege, and he declares that no more public franchises should ever be given away, but that with every such concession should be coupled a requirement for the payment of a percentage of the gross earnings of the corporation. This is business-like, sensible, and practical. It would be a great thing for greater New York if that magnificent municipality had at its head such a public-spirited, well-balanced, and keen-eyed man among men as Roswell P. Flower.

The most striking proof of the dawn of prosperity come from New England. The wages of the 140,000 employes of its great cotton-mills have just been advanced to the schedule in force prior to the general reduction made early in 1898. From every part of the country we are hearing of an increase of wages in steel and iron, cotton, and other mills. All of this means increased disbursements to the working masses, which will be reflected in the purchases made at the stores and ultimately in purchases by the storekeepers from the producers on the farm and in the factory, so that all have a common share in the blessings which attend prosperity. It looks as if the close of the old century might be marked by a decided business revival, and it will be most unfortunate if the excitement, perplexities, and doubts of a Presidential campaign next year are permitted to interfere with this prosperous tide of circumstances.

Dr. Charlton T. Lewis, of New York, who for thirty-four years has been counsel for the Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York, is giving a course of fifteen lectures at Harvard University, on life insurance and its relation to society and the state. The subject is of interest to professional men, but Dr. Lewis is making it of interest to the general public. In his opening lecture he defined life insurance as a means of distributing among many risks which cannot easily be borne by the individual. More carefully analyzed, this definition makes life insurance not merely a colossal private enterprise for money-making, but also one of the pillars upon which our modern civilization rests; for every man can work to better advantage when others are helping to carry the risk of caring for his family in case of his death. Dr. Lewis's lectures are also of general interest because they furnish an object-lesson on the conduct of our civil service. He has explained the superb method of dealing with statistics which the insurance companies follow, and the accuracy which they secure thereby in dealing with such matters as the uncertainties of human life and the fluctuation of interest on capital. If the success of the large insurance companies shows anything it shows what would be the value of trained men to handle the statistics provided by our census, and to draw from them legitimate conclusions. Dr. Lewis is himself an example of a man specially trained for his work. Besides being a Latin scholar of sufficient ability to help edit a Latin dictionary, he was formerly a teacher of mathematics. If in life insurance trained men are profitable, they ought not to be less so in the civil service.

No one can accuse Governor Roosevelt of not trying very hard, in making his first big batch of official appointments, to please everybody, excepting, possibly, himself. The Governor had been a life-long independent Republican, and had refused at all times to take orders from any one inside or outside of the organization. But his recent appointments were, for the most part, made at the suggestion of the machine organization, although this does not necessarily imply that many of them were not worthily made. The reappointment of Hugh Hastings as State historian; of Judge Kellogg, of St. Lawrence County, to a place on the State Court of Claims; of J. Edgar Learycraft, of New York, and George E. Priest, of the Ithaca Journal, to places on the tax commission; of William Van Amee, of Newburg, as a lunacy commissioner, and of Francis B. Delehanty, of New York, as a member of the State board of mediation, are all in recognition of fitness and capacity. Governor Roosevelt has an exceedingly difficult task before him, and is striving to his utmost to administer the functions of his office without inviting a clash of opinion in the party. Whether or not, in the effort to conciliate, he is unconsciously sacrificing the right of private judgment, which he has always freely exercised, greatly to his credit, time will disclose. There are those who believe that the responsibilities of the chief executive of this State cannot be divided with any man or set of men. Whatever of good Governor Roosevelt's administration may secure will be placed to his credit, and whatever of evil comes from it will be laid at his door, no matter who may have been really responsible for it.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

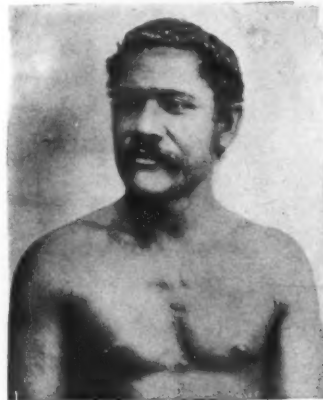
—THE recent arrival in this country of Mr. John Lockwood Kipling, the father of Rudyard Kipling, calls attention to the fact that he is the son of a clergyman and married the daughter of a clergyman. He is a man of high education and culture. He was sent to India directly after his marriage as an instructor of art, and he was principal of the Mayo School of Art and curator of the Central Museum, at Lahore, India, from 1875 till 1893, when he returned to England to reside permanently. He has traveled a great deal since his retirement, and accompanied his famous son on his recent journey to South Africa.



MR. JOHN LOCKWOOD KIPLING.

He now lives at Tisbury, Salisbury, in a charming old place called "The Gables." Mr. Kipling named his son himself, and it is interesting to know that the odd name is really the name of a lake. It was on the shores of this lake in the lovely English country that Mr. John Kipling proposed to Miss Alice Macdonald, who answered a "yes" that ought to be made as famous in verse as that of Dolly Quincey. The little son born in Bombay was named Rudyard, in memory of that evening by Rudyard Lake.

—One of the few Samoans who are athletic in an American sense is Te'o, a young chief of Vaiala. All Samoans are strong, and all are formed like athletes, but few ever do anything to deserve the name. Te'o is attached to the British consulate, and pulls bow-oar in the consul's boat. He is a dashing horseman, and has done brilliantly as goal-keeper at polo, where his heavy charges have often won the game for his side. As a cricketer his fame is bounded only by the limits of the Samoan kingdom, and the number of runs piled up to his credit is something to excite the admiration of those who take an interest in that game. One



TE'O, A SAMOAN ATHLETE.

of the strange things about Te'o is the fact that he has practically lost his identity. At one time he was known by name to all the white people as well as the native Samoans. Now he is known only as "Mary Hamilton's husband." This is rather distressing, and it is all the more so because Te'o has discovered that it does not make an American of him as he thought it did. The present Mrs. Te'o is a Samoan woman of the full blood. She was the widow of the late Captain Hamilton, who was for a number of years American vice-consul. When she married Hamilton the woman took the name Mary in place of whatever Samoan name she may have had, and thus she became Mary Hamilton to all white people, and to all Samoans Mele Samisoni.

—To the State of South Dakota undoubtedly belongs the honor of having in the service of the United States the youngest captain, regular or volunteer. The individual who gives his State this distinction is Captain Arthur L. Fuller, of Company A, First Regiment of South Dakota Volunteers, now serving at Manila. Not until April 5th next will he be twenty-one years old. He is the son of Hon. H. G. Fuller, chief justice of the Supreme Court of South Dakota. When only seventeen he was elected captain of the company because of his exceptional energy and interest in and knowledge of military affairs. He had not been in command of the company more than a few months when the State encampment was held, and the company carried off the honors for being the best-drilled militia company in the State. At the commencement of the war with Spain Company A, with the remainder of the regiment, was mustered into the service of the United States and sent to Manila, where it is now seeing active service in the operations against the Filipinos. The young captain is very popular with his men, and has for a portion of the time commanded a battalion at Manila. Colonel Frost, of the regular army, in command of the First Regiment South Dakota Volunteers, has become very proud of his young captain. In a letter recently received from him he said of the lad: "Never have I seen so old a head upon so young a body."



THE YOUNGEST CAPTAIN.

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The judgment and wisdom of mature years makes him fully equal to every demand upon him. Should he go into the regular service he will command the army some day if he lives." Captain Fuller resigned a good position in a bank that he might lead his company in defense of the stars and stripes.

—It is estimated that New York has spent for amusements during the present season a total of over \$5,000,000, including \$800,000 for grand opera. Mr. Hillary Bell, the erudite dramatic critic of the New York Press, estimates the income from some of the most successful plays during the recent season as follows: "The Little Minister," \$300,000; "Cyrano de Bergerac," \$250,000; "The Christian," \$240,000; "The Liars," \$200,000; "Secret Service," \$180,000; "Catharine," \$165,000; "Zaza," \$100,000; "Nathan Hale," \$50,000. Mr. Bell's estimate of the earnings of individuals during the same period is equally astonishing, and is as follows: Richard Mansfield, \$150,000; Viola Allen, \$50,000; Madame Nordica, \$50,000; Madame Eames, \$30,000. When it is borne in mind that probably three-fourths of those who attend the theatres in New York City are strangers from out of town, it will be seen that the vast tide of travelers in the metropolis contributes not a little to the success of the great city's amusements.

—Rear-Admiral Henry L. Howison, third in the list of rear-admirals in the American navy, has been ordered to the command of the South Atlantic squadron, with the remodeled cruiser *Chicago* as his flag-ship. For the past two years Admiral Howison has had command of the Charlestown Navy Yard, at Boston, where he distinguished himself as a hustling official in the preparation of Uncle Sam's sea fighters for the Spanish war. At one time Admiral Howison had command of the Pacific squadron for a considerable period, until relieved by Rear-Admiral Kimberly. His last sea duty was in "trying out" the now famous battle-ship *Oregon*. When the corrections made by him were carried out by the builders the government accepted the ship. The wisdom of these changes, recommended by Admiral Howison, was proved in the wonderful record made by the famous craft in her voyage around the Horn. Admiral Howison was born in the District of Columbia, and was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1858. In the Rebellion he saw active and exciting service. He was with Farragut in the famous battle of Mobile Bay, commanding the *Blenville*. Since the Civil War, Admiral Howison has served in almost every important position in the department at Washington, has cruised in all of the squadrons of the United States Navy, and has commanded the Mare Island Navy Yard. Commodore Howison received his commission as rear-admiral last November, after it had been held back by the appointments of Schley and Sampson. The refusal of the Senate to make Schley and Sampson rear-admirals makes Howison Schley's senior by seven points, and Sampson's by nine.

—The Governor of South Carolina, W. H. Ellerbe, has attracted general attention by taking strong ground, in his recent annual message, in opposition to lynching. Governor Ellerbe declares against the apparently increasing disposition to attempt the righting of real or supposed wrongs by what he properly stigmatizes as the "law-breaking practice of lynching." He sees in this tendency a serious menace to society, the abolition of the regular order of justice, and the first step in the destruction of social order, and he adds this strong and striking argument: "The deed that, even in the name of law and order, puts the law out of office is as serious a crime against society and morality as the most vicious act executed of men and denounced of God." Governor Ellerbe has been highly commended by the best people, not only of his own but of other States, for the courageous position he has taken regarding the lynching question. Infinite harm has been done to many of the Southern States by the reports abroad of lawlessness predicated upon the accounts of lynching affairs. Law-abiding citizens are averse to association with a community in which the majesty of the law is not regarded as supreme and sufficient at all times and under all circumstances.

—William Willard Howard, of New York City, is now engaged in directing the work of industrial relief for the Cubans. The plan suggested by him for meeting the present distress in Cuba as the first step in the restoration of the island is along the lines of self-help entirely, and has secured the unanimous approval of the highest authorities, including those at Washington and in Cuba. The method, as applied to the needs of Cuba, is original with Mr. Howard, and strikingly unique. He is a man of marked personality, and has the rare quality of being able to crystallize principles into practical methods. He made three trips to Armenia and Persia, and rendered each time a signal service to thousands of sufferers. He has traveled widely in no less than twenty countries. His most remarkable trait is tenacity of purpose. He went in February to initiate the work of

THE GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
Photograph by Reckling.

industrial relief at Guines, Cuba. Soon after his arrival the welcome given by the people began to express itself in communications to the local paper, *La Union*. Mr. Howard, who is a trained journalist, saw how much this material would stimulate the people of America to give relief, and by working day and night he secured the translation of this matter into English, and, with the aid of overgrown boys who knew not a word of English, the weekly edition appeared with two pages in English devoted to the work of the Cuban industrial relief fund, faultless in form and spelling. Fifteen thousand copies were mailed to all parts of the United States. This was accomplished within ten days after his arrival. The first relief-farm was started at Guines, and on the 14th of March Mr. Howard sailed from Havana for the United States. Mr. Howard is a well-known figure in the yachting world, and is one of the four world's champions in canoe-racing. His last feat in this line was to astonish the British public with one of his remarkable exhibitions in handling the canoe. The Rev. Herbert Marsena Allen is associated with Mr. Howard in the industrial relief work in Cuba. He has been for years a missionary in Turkey, and was Mr. Howard's chief assistant in Armenia. In 1897 he carried out the plan of purchasing and distributing oxen among the impoverished villagers of the Van district, eastern Turkey. It was a herculean task, and offered every probability of failure. But, placing himself absolutely under the protection of the British consul, he became for the time being a cattle-buyer. This involved a perilous journey into Persia, long marches, fencing with Turk and Persian officials at every point, outwitting crafty Orientals, protecting the herds from brigands, and ultimately distributing the 1,225 oxen to 150 villages and monasteries scattered over an area of 14,000 square miles. Before any benefit could be realized from the work of these oxen the time came, in the early spring of 1898, when 33,000 people had used up their last handful of flour and needed help. Mr. Allen had been quietly storing large quantities of grain for seed, but when this emergency arose he called his native force of workers together and in a very short time the grain was transported on animals, in boats on the lake, but mostly on the backs of the people, to every home where it was needed. Experience has certainly fitted both Mr. Howard and Mr. Allen for the work to which they have volunteered their services.

—Colonel Percival C. Pope, the commandant of the marine force ordered to Guam, one of Uncle Sam's new possessions in the Pacific, is among the most popular officers of the marine corps. Colonel Pope is an ideal officer. Gallant, brave, and kind, he enjoys the confidence of his superiors, the respect of his equals, and the admiration of his subordinates. Colonel Pope's appointment to this branch of the naval service dates back to the stirring days of '61. He was given a second lieutenant's commission and rose rapidly, coming out of the war as a captain. After the Civil War he served at most of the navy-yards. The outbreak of the Spanish

war found him as commandant of marines at the Charlestown Navy Yard, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He was ordered to Cuba and participated in the famous battle of Guantanamo Bay. While at Guantanamo Colonel Pope was taken ill and was ordered home. A sojourn in the pine woods of Maine soon restored his health, and when he reported for duty again he was returned to his old station as the commandant of marines at the Boston yard, which position he was filling when he received his last detail ordering him to Guam. The navy personnel bill passed by the last Congress advanced Lieutenant-Colonel Pope to a full colonelcy.

—The pet of the Metropolitan Opera Company, in New York, is little Fraulein Gadske, the daughter of the great prima-donna. She is a little flaxen-haired, rosy-cheeked German girl, and all the singers, from the greatest to the least, love her, for she is always at the opera-house with her mother for rehearsal or business. At a concert in Boston, when Melba was singing, little Miss Gadske and her mother were in the audience. Suddenly, in a pause in the music, Melba caught sight of her little friend, who was looking intently at her. The great diva smiled and bowed over the heads of the people, and everybody turned to see who could be so honored, and no one dreamed it was the little girl with shining, happy eyes, who was smiling shyly as Melba still gazed at her. The little girl has a sweet, strong voice even now, and Mr. Grau jokes her and asks her when she is going to sign a twenty-year contract with him, assuring her that he has his eye on her, and does not intend any one else to run away with his young song-bird. Madame Gadske, her mother, is still a very youthful and beautiful woman.



COLONEL PERCIVAL C. POPE.



THE PET OF THE OPERA.

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THE TRANSPORT "CROOKE" ENTERING THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK WITH THE BODIES OF OUR DEAD HEROES.



CARRYING THE BODIES OF THE HONORED DEAD UP FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, ON THE CAISSONS.



MARCHING UNDER THE MEMORIAL ARCH ON WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK.



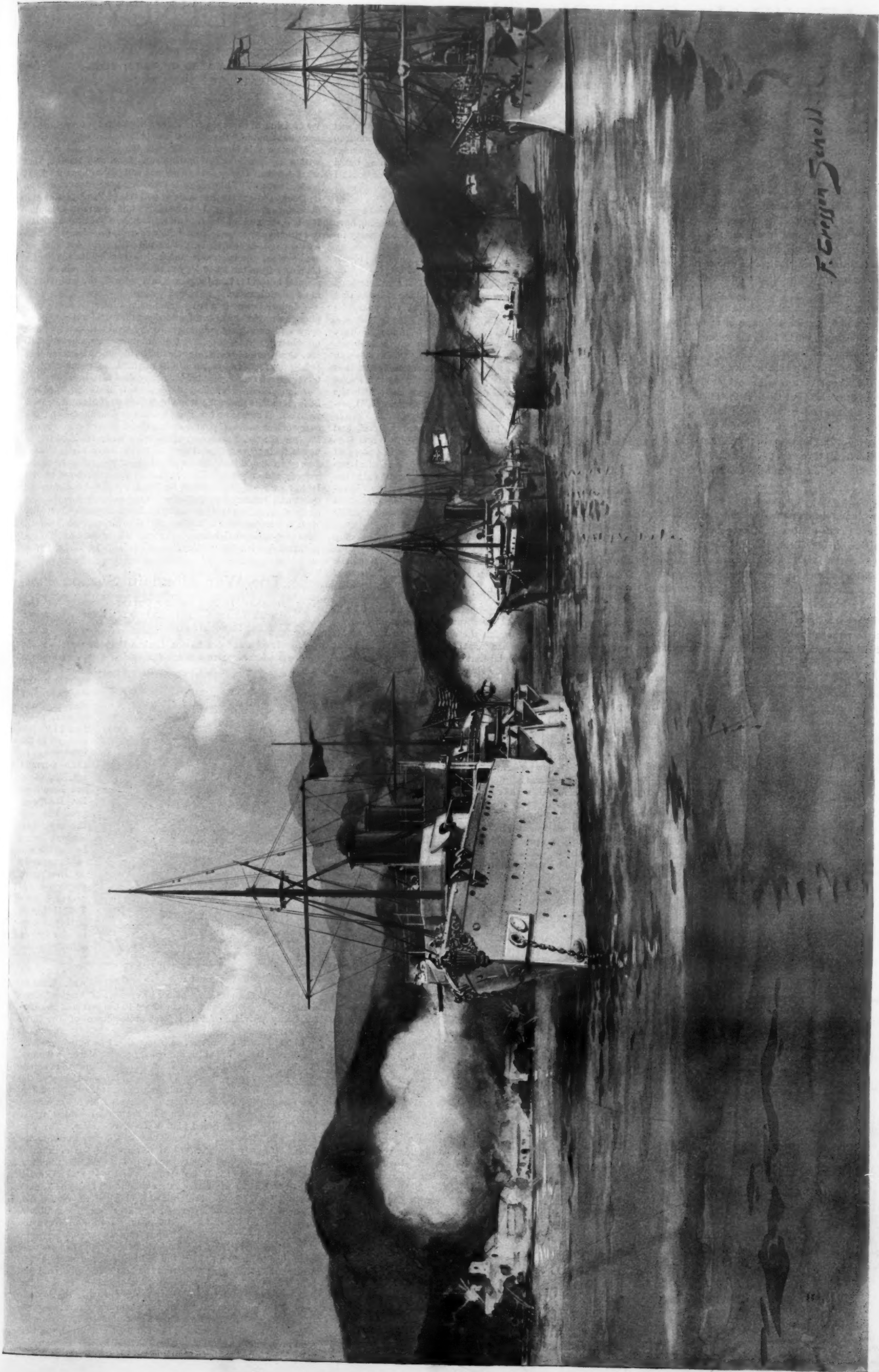
THE PALL-BEARERS BEARING THE CASKETS INTO THE ARMORY.



FRIENDS SEEKING TO IDENTIFY THE CASKETS IN THE ARMORY.

THE COUNTRY PAYS A TRIBUTE TO ITS HEROES.

BRINGING BACK FROM THE BLOODY BATTLE-FIELDS OF THE SPANISH WAR THE DEAD HEROES, INCLUDING MANY OF THE SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT OF NEW YORK, TO BE BURIED IN THE SOIL OF THEIR LOVED COUNTRY.—[SEE PAGE 316.]



CULMINATION OF THE SAMOAN DIFFICULTIES.

THE SAMOAN REBELS ATTACKED THE UNITED STATES AND BRITISH CONSULATES ON MARCH 15TH, WHEREUPON THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "PHILADELPHIA" AND THE BRITISH CRUISERS "PORPOISE" AND "ROYALIST" BOMBARDED APIA, THE CAPITAL, AND OTHER SEACOAST TOWNS FOR MORE THAN A WEEK. THE GERMAN CRUISER "FALKE," ANCHORED NEAR BY, TOOK NO PART IN THE ACTION.—[SEE PAGE 306.]

ADMIRAL DEWEY AND THE PRESIDENCY.

FIRST AUTHENTIC INTERVIEW WITH THE GREAT NAVAL HERO REGARDING HIS POLITICAL INCLINATIONS—HE CAME FROM VERMONT, A REPUBLICAN STATE, BUT SAYS IF HE LIVED IN THE SOUTH HE WOULD BE A DEMOCRAT—HE HAS NOT VOTED OF LATE, BUT VOTES ONLY FOR HIS PERSONAL PREFERENCE—HE DECLINES TO BE A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE, BUT THINKS IT PRESUMPTUOUS TO ACCEPT OR DECLINE A NOMINATION BEFORE IT IS OFFERED.

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, February 20th, 1899.—Yesterday I was out at San Pedro Macati, ten miles southeast of Manila, through a beautiful country rich with great rice-fields and once thickly populated by Filipinos, whose *nipa* huts are now wiped off the face of the earth, and whose burned earthen water-pots and scanty domestic utensils alone remain to tell the tale of home and industry. Nothing else in the vast country around Manila, save now and then a half-starved dog, or a chicken that has yet evaded the eye of the vigilant soldier, is alive to remind the passer-by of the people who so misguidedly have attempted to resist the beneficent intentions of a nineteenth-century civilization.

Pathetic though it is, not the most erratic philanthropist can shed a tear. Ignorance has been the curse of many a race before its vicious teachings brought down the strong arm of discipline upon the Filipinos of Luzon.

When, after an hour's dusty ride, my little pony halted before General King's headquarters in the old stronghold so recently occupied by the insurgent General Pio Pillar, and I entered the mildewed and moss-covered stone building, I found myself but a bullet's course from the insurgent lines. The sharpshooters were rattling away in the thick underbrush along the gully between San Pedro and the old cathedral of Guadeloupe, which towered up on the hill-top like some musty sentinel of antiquity.

Suddenly a white yacht steamed around the bend in the Pasig, which twists and turns up through the valley and washes the foundations of the San Pedro headquarters and the sloping ground before Guadeloupe. From its deck stepped the hero of Manila, the immortal Dewey, who had come up the river to view the battle-fields and smell once more the smoke of powder. His immaculate white-duck uniform was a marked contrast to the begrimed and crinkled *khaki* suits of the First Californias, who filled the little headquarters house.

I was up on the veranda or roof of the wing of the building when the admiral came above to watch the operations of our sharpshooters in the little valley—for, just beyond the great church, which was now a mass of blaze and smoke and crumbling ruins, were thousands of insurgents, blazing away with tireless energy toward our lines. The "ping" of the Mausers that rang in our ears did not in the least disturb him, and he scanned the field and the river, tremendously interested in the engagement.

Whether the insurgents were aware of his presence or not I do not know, but while he stood there the rattle of musketry commenced with fearful vigor, and the echoes of the Sixth Artillery, on the hill at our right, combined to produce a din that, though pleasing to the ears of a trained soldier, was not likely to produce a musical effect that awakened soulful harmonies in the soul of a tenderfoot like myself. Several Mausers sent the brick and plaster flying near us, and we all went inside. Before the admiral left, however, I was promised a reception aboard the *Olympia* on the morrow, and to this interview my further remarks will confine themselves.

The flag-ship lies just off the Escolta, Manila's "Riverside Drive" and promenade, and early in the afternoon I boarded the little steam customs-launch, the *Albany*, and put out for the *Olympia*. The magnificent cruiser, which is a terror to all the natives of Luzon, lay as peacefully in the haze of the declining day as if she were off Nantucket at midsummer. Her awnings were up, and her decks, as clean as a New England housewife's china-closet, shone in the bright tropical sun. Lieutenant Brumby, the admiral's flag-lieutenant, took my card below, and soon announced that the admiral would see me. I went down toward his quarters, and as the door opened the admiral was patting a frolicking "Chow" dog—the pride of China—which was leaping upon his legs and jumping around in great delight.

After talking of the previous day's experience, of the war, and of minor matters, I asked him if he objected to speak upon the subject that was interesting the millions of people to whom his name was a household word—upon the subject of his possible candidacy for the Presidency in 1900.

"No, I have no objections to talking of that subject, but, you see, they want to know whether I am a Democrat or a Republican. Here, I was just reading this!" and the admiral handed me a German paper.

"Do you read German?" he asked.

I was obliged to confess that I did not.

"Well, neither do I," he said, "so I had it translated, as it was sent marked."

Then he read the article, which advocated him for the Presidency, but ended with the remark that perhaps it would be well to find out whether Dewey is a Republican or a Democrat before nominating him. The admiral laughed heartily, for the point was well taken. So I followed it up.

"And which, then, are you?" I said. Dewey looked at me a moment and smiled.

"Well, you see, I am a sailor. A sailor has no politics. The administration is his party, and Republican or Democratic, it

makes no difference. Then, again, I come from Vermont, and you know what that means. To be anything but a Republican in Vermont is to be a man without a party. My flag-lieutenant comes from Georgia. He tells me that to be anything but a Democrat in the South is to be a nobody. If I lived South I would probably be a Democrat."

"Have you ever voted?" I asked.

"Yes, years ago; but my vote was usually influenced by personal preference or local conditions. I am not a politician, have never held political office, and am totally ignorant of party intricacies and affiliations."

"I understand Senator Proctor says Vermont will propose you for the Presidency," I continued.

"Is that so? How do you know?" the admiral questioned me.

I then read him an article referring to an interview to that effect. "Had Senator Proctor reason to think you would accept such a nomination?" I said.

"The Senator is an old, staunch friend of mine. I have known him all my life. He has written me on this subject. Others have asked permission to use my name. Don't you think it would be presumptuous to accept a nomination before it is offered—perhaps it would be equally previous to reject it?"

"But the newspapers are associating your name with the office, and every one is anxious to know your sentiments," I persisted.

"The administration is in good hands—strong, tried, and able hands. I do not desire to see any change. When I go home I hope to spend the remainder of my days in peace and rest. I am getting to be an old man. I desire no political preferment. I am not ungrateful—no, I am deeply grateful to the American people. I am not insensible to their kindness. I reverence their loyalty, and prize above all things their admiration and commendation, but I am not and will not become a public man—a politician."

"Do you think a man whose life has been spent in the army or navy suited to the Presidency?"

"The army is a profession, the navy is a profession, politics is another. I am too old to learn a new profession. Perhaps, if there is such a sentiment afoot, I would better stay out here."

"When do you expect to go home?"

"One paper says I am going home very soon, and that I will go via the Suez Canal, and that it would be a great mistake."

I then read the paper which the admiral picked out of his scrap-basket for me, as he had just thrown it aside. It said that Dewey belonged to the people; that every town from San Francisco to New York wanted its share of him; wanted to shake his hand and hear his voice.

"Now, think of that," said the admiral, when I had finished. "I am grateful, I am overwhelmed, but I am an old man. I never could stand it. My physician would never listen to such a proposition."

"But how can you avoid it? The American public has no mercy for its heroes."

The admiral grew thoughtful. He was silent a few moments; then he looked up, and his fine, strong features melted into one of his soft smiles that make him the personal friend as well as the greater hero to every one who meets him. "I cannot understand it. No, I cannot. I think it was this way. The people were ripe for success at arms. They were exasperated by the treatment of Cuba; they were provoked at the open sneers of other nations at our army and navy, and they felt in their might that they could meet any Power. The Spanish were arrogant and boastful; they were defiant and uncompromising. Our people burned to crush them. Then, one morning the first blow was struck, and I happened to be the man—"

"Ah, admiral, but the way you did it. No hesitation, no red tape!" I could not help saying this.

"Well, perhaps. But the President has admirably expressed the feeling of the people at that time and the conditions that I refer to. He sums it up exactly. I will read it to you."

The admiral has the activity of a boy. Nothing is any trouble. He does not wait to push buttons and call one of the hundreds at his command to do his little services. With a quick, graceful move he is off and gets what his mind suggests. To think is to act, with him, both in little and great things. Having gotten the President's message he read the passage referring to the battle of Manila, particularly emphasizing the condition of the mind of the people at the time.

Then we discussed Aguinaldo. The admiral told how Aguinaldo had to be fairly clubbed ashore to fight against the Spaniards, while he was coming to the ship to sleep nights. "But he will never be taken alive," Dewey added. "When the pressure gets too great he will disappear—get out at night, or escape some way—if it is a possibility."

But I hadn't received an unequivocal answer yet, so I again referred to the question of Presidential candidacy. An entire half-hour the admiral talked on this subject. I will not quote his words. It is too momentous a question to dispose of in a few sentences. No man, however strong in his purpose, can throw the thought of such a possibility over his shoulder lightly. Nor did Admiral Dewey. He discussed it gravely and seriously. He dwelt upon the great responsibilities of the office, the necessity of a life's training to equip the most able of men to occupy such an exalted and arduous office. And, finally, he said that neither by vocation, disposition, education, or training was he capacitated to fill such a position. He said that he was too well along in life to consider such a possibility. His health would not admit it. All his life's work was in different lines of effort, and that, while the kindness and enthusiasm of his friends were grateful to him, and the generous tributes of the American people were dear to him, he could not and would not be a candidate for the Presidency of the United States under any conditions. I make this statement with the full consent and on the author-

ity of Admiral Dewey. "If there is such a tide of sentiment it must be stemmed," the admiral concluded.

Whether this interview will stem the tide or not it is not within my province to contemplate. I believe, though, that what Admiral Dewey said to me was with all sincerity. That he does not believe himself suited for such preferment, nor is he desirous to enter into the battle of politics. I think politics and politicians are distasteful to him, and while he admires simplicity, honesty, and manhood in all callings, he would not condemn or criticize any class or community as a whole. He prefers to let the people fight their battles at the polls. He disclaims all credit as an administrator, and said that while Manila was in his power from the 1st of May until the troops arrived, he simply acted upon his best judgment, and not with the trained skill of an administrator.

Admiral Dewey is a truly great man, a lover of truth, simplicity, straightforwardness, and discipline. "I am too honest a man to be a great administrator," he said to me. "Don't misunderstand me, though. I do not mean that a great politician or a great administrator should be dishonest; I mean that I show my feelings too quickly in my face. A great administrator should thoroughly hold under control his personality."

Admiral Dewey is honest; he does show his feelings. When he is pleased he shows it; when he is displeased his men know it right off. There is no lax discipline in the Pacific station; but every officer and every man among them honors and admires him for the order that very often takes away their outing or upsets their plans. The American people have made George Dewey a full admiral. Even at this hour to confer the title is a tardy and only partial recognition of the magnificent service he has rendered his country, for the glory that his undaunted spirit and bravery and skilled warfare have added to the stars and stripes, raising their drooping folds into a sphere of equality with the crosses of St. Michael, St. George, and St. Andrew, once the undisputed kings of the waves, now claimants for co-partnership with Old "Glory."

EDWIN WILDMAN.

The War Cloud in Samoa.

HOW GERMANY IS SEEKING TO OBTAIN CONTROL OF THE SAMOAN ISLANDS—ITS INTERFERENCE ENCOURAGED THE LAWLESS DEMONSTRATIONS.

LATEST advices from Samoa disclose that the recent violent outbreak of the natives, which finally led to the shelling of



MATAAFA.

several villages by the American and English gunboats, may justly be charged to the interference of two German officials, Consul Rose and Dr. Raffael, president of the municipal council, who incited the Mataafa party to violence and flagrantly insulted the English and American consuls by acts of defiance to the Supreme Court, of which courtan

American is the presiding officer by consent of England, Germany, and America, and in obedience to the terms of the Berlin treaty providing for the joint protectorate of the three Powers.

Chief Justice Chambers, an American, was empowered by the Berlin treaty to act as the chief judicial officer in Samoa. At the recent election Mataafa and Malietoa Tanus were candidates for the throne, the former having a large majority of the people with him, but the result was contested, and Chief Justice Chambers, exercising the prerogative of his office, refused to recognize Mataafa's election. He decided the contest, under the plenary powers given him, in favor of Tanus. The Germans, who constitute the larger part of the foreigners on the island, strangely enough, refused to recognize the decision of the chief justice, and openly encouraged the Mataafa faction, helping to supply the latter with guns and food, and a German ex-officer leading the rebels in an assault on Malietoa Tanus's forces. The German consul rode at the head of the rebels, and, under the direction of a German ex-officer named Von Bülow, they threw up barricades in the main streets and drove the royalist followers of Malietoa Tanus from the scene.

English sailors from the English men-of-war *Porpoise* were compelled to land and guard the residence of the chief justice, about a mile from the beach, until he and his family could find refuge in Apia. Mataafa defeated his opponents in the fight, and, to avoid further trouble, he was recognized as the *de facto* head of the government, by the three consuls, pending instructions from the treaty Powers. He then undertook to oust the American chief justice, with the aid of Dr. Raffael, the German president of the municipality, backed by the German consul. The United States consul and the British consul, under the

protection of the armed forces of the *Porpoise*, reopened the court and the rebels withdrew, in spite of the efforts of the Germans to make them remain. The Germans blustered, but were compelled to leave the court, the doors of which were broken down. The chief justice declared the court open, and hoisted the Samoan flag.

On the 8th of January the Mataafa government illegally deported to the island of Manna, 160 miles from Apia, Chief Lepal and Chief Seumanutafa. The latter was the chief who distinguished himself by saving American sailors during the hurricane, about ten years ago, for which he was rewarded by the gift of a medal and a whale-boat. It will be remembered that in 1887, when a similar difficulty arose in Samoa, Germany's agents openly espoused the cause of the insurgents, as they now have done, and that they endeavored to control the government, usurp the functions of the Supreme Court, and thus obtain exclusive control in Samoa, which has been the purpose of Germany for many years. It is believed that its recent interference in Samoan affairs has for its purpose the breaking of the treaty of Berlin, with the expectation that it will reap a decided advantage by the negotiation of a new treaty.

The firmness of the American chief justice and our consular representative during the recent difficulty, and the splendid support they received from the British consul and the British warship, resulted in the discomfiture of the German officials. It was said at first that Mataafa's government would eventually have to be recognized, as a majority of the people supported his pretensions to the throne, but it is not believed that the terms of the treaty of Berlin, giving supreme authority conjointly to the United States, England, and Germany, can be set aside.

On the arrival of Admiral Kautz with the United States warship *Philadelphia*, he summoned the various consular representatives and the naval officers of the American, English, and German vessels to canvass the whole situation, and the result was the adoption of a resolution to dismiss the provisional government. A proclamation was accordingly issued by Admiral Kautz, calling upon Mataafa and his chiefs to return to their homes. Thereupon the latter retired to the interior. The German consul, Mr. Rose, then issued a proclamation upholding Mataafa, whereupon the followers of the latter assembled in force, barricaded the roads, and seized the British houses. The rebels were ordered to disperse and retire, on penalty of bombardment, on the afternoon of March 15th. No attention was paid to this ultimatum, but the rebels began an attack in the direction of the United States and British consulates. The *Philadelphia* and the two English cruisers, the *Porpoise* and the *Royalist*, then bombarded the native villages along the shore, continuing the bombardment for eight days, as it was difficult to locate the enemy in the forest and jungles. Three British sailors and an American sentry were killed, and the dispatches report that the Americans and British are fighting splendidly together, but that there is a bitter feeling against the Germans.

Mataafa has been King of Samoa before, king by the choice of all the Samoans; but at the command of the three great Powers—the United States, Great Britain, and Germany—which entered into the Berlin treaty for the government of the islands, he resigned the throne to its late occupant, Malietoa Laupepa. He is approaching the age of sixty, but the exact ages of the older Samoans can never be established. He has a mild manner, but a strong character under a placid guise. He has the rare quality among Samoans of a strong individuality, and thinks for himself.

Rioting in Havana!

CUBA ON THE BRINK OF A REVOLUTION—THE CRITICAL CONDITION IN CUBA DURING THE GOMEZ VS. "ASSEMBLY" AGITATION—INEXPERIENCE AND FAILURE OF THE NEW POLICE FORCE—THEY PATROL THE CITY BEFORE THEY LEARN THE RUDIMENTS OF THEIR DUTY—A NEGRO AGITATOR IN THE "ASSEMBLY" SAYS "EXPULSION OF THE AMERICANS"—DANGER IN WITHDRAWING GENERAL LEE'S CORPS—A VERY SERIOUS CONDITION OF AFFAIRS THAT MUST BE MET PROMPTLY AND EFFECTIVELY.

(From James F. J. Archibald, our Special Correspondent.)

HAVANA, CUBA, April 2d, 1899.—Our government has promised the world that we would give to the island of Cuba a stable government, but at the present time it does not look as though it were possible to do so for many years to come. The people have already marched in open revolt through the streets, and but for the presence of the United States forces there would have been a revolution. What the revolution is against I cannot tell, and the Cubans do not seem to care. They cry, "Death to Gomez!" "Death to the Assembly!" "Death to the government!" and death to anything else that happens to cross their range of vision.

When Maximo Gomez entered Havana the city was delirious with a fanatic display of joy, but when, a few days later, a self-appointed "Assembly" deposed him from the head of the army many of the same people who shouted themselves hoarse for him demand his immediate execution. These same people shouted just as loud for Weyler, and later, when crying "Viva Blanco," demanded their former idol's death. Nothing could better illustrate the utter impossibility of Cuban self-government than the events of the past week. The Cuban people are as changeable in their political views as a summer wind, and whichever way the last breeze of opinion goes, there go the public. During the past week it was amusing to note the attempts of the heads of the civil government and of various departments to keep their sympathies with the party that seemed likely to win.

When the "Assembly" announced that they had deposed Gomez the news spread like wildfire. One member of the "Assembly" who dared defend Gomez incurred the wrath of other members, and the motion was made in this supposedly free country to condemn this member to death for daring to oppose the majority. All Cubans, high and low, are children in politics, for they never held even a minor office under Spanish rule, and refuse to allow any Spaniard, or any one who has held office under Spain, to hold office now. It would be as great an act of folly to turn the government over to the Cubans as it would be to give a child in the primary school a diploma in a classic course.

Immediately after the "Assembly" deposed General Gomez a contingent issued a "bando," which was spread broadcast

through the streets and posted in prominent places, calling upon all who favored the general to form in parade the next day and march through the streets in protest. The excitement was intense, and in all of the cafés groups of excited men discussed the situation. The parading contingent obtained permission from General Brooke to march, and thousands of men, women and children turned out, and with banners and music they went through the streets yelling for Gomez and the army. They went by clubs and groups to the appointed rendezvous, the governor-general's summer palace, where Gomez is living while in Havana, and packed the palace grounds and the surrounding streets. They yelled "Viva Gomez!" "Viva la Ejercito!" Gomez came out on the balcony and addressed the crowd in the tones of a mar-



GOMEZ ADDRESSING THE CROWD WHO COLLECTED TO DENOUNCE THE "ASSEMBLY."

tyr, and explained how he would abide by the will of the people, and if they wanted him to resign himself to the will of the "Assembly" he would do so, even though he had spent thirty years fighting for them. He would go back to his home in San Domingo and never bother them again. Then the crowd yelled "Viva!" louder than ever, and after a few more inflammatory speeches they began to march out; but by the time they reached the gate of the palace grounds they seemed to have completely forgotten their original idea of a parade, and started to their various homes in groups and by clubs. They were still yelling "Viva!" at everything and every one they saw, and acted more like a crowd returning from a college foot-ball game than anything else I could think of.

In spite of General Brooke's orders that they might march, the chief of police, the Cuban General Menocal, issued an order to his newly-formed force to put a stop to the parade, but this order was useless, as the Gomez contingent had evidently forgotten that they started out to parade, or else they had shouted themselves tired and concluded to quit. As they re-



A GOMEZ STREET-PARADE, THE STOPPING OF WHICH CAUSED THE RIOTS IN HAVANA.

turned, however, an "inspector of police," a Cuban lad of about twenty-one, attempted to take a banner from some of Gomez's followers; a long argument and a scuffle followed, in which the police officer drew his club and struck one of the marchers. At that moment a riot commenced, and the inspector called upon a reserve squad of about thirty police to disperse the crowd, but they were roughly handled by the crowd of 2,000. An American sergeant was watching the proceedings, and evidently concluded to take a hand, for he marched three men toward the centre of the howling, angry mob, and in less time than it takes to relate it the rioters dispersed in every direction at a dead run, and the police immediately formed and took full credit for dispersing the crowd.

The trouble lies in putting the police force in control of the city before the members know their business. The police force of Havana is merely a uniformed, drilled, and armed mob,

ignorant of every idea of law, order, and discipline. The one idea of a Cuban officer of the police is to wear a natty uniform, parade in public, and sit in cafés, drinking and smoking. The Americans intrusted with the formation of the force are disgusted. One of them told me the Cubans would not accept instruction, and that the only requisite to be an officer was to be a relative of Chief Menocal or Lopez.

The police have been armed with United States Army Colt's revolvers, and they use them upon the slightest provocation. Not a day passes but that they shoot some innocent person. The day of the Gomez disturbances I saw a reserve squad of about twenty or thirty standing by the side of the street when a club came marching up. The marchers had no weapons and were attending strictly to their own affairs, but as they passed this body of officers the latter drew their revolvers and stood with them in their hands while the club marched past. The police never attempt to make an arrest without covering the culprit with their revolvers, however inoffensive he may be or of whatever age. The Cubans are not brave men, as a rule, and when it comes to dispersing a crowd they draw their revolvers and commence a wild, inaccurate firing which usually brings a return fire and starts a small riot.

The latest disturbance was the riot caused by an altercation between a captain of the Cuban army and a policeman who, after telling the Cuban officer to "move on," commenced to taunt him for his having to obey. The feeling between the police and the army is very bitter, and it only took this to start the riot. Very soon re-enforcements for both sides arrived, and in a short time the fight became general. The police, as usual, stood off and fired promiscuously into the crowd, instead of charging them with clubs, of which the Cubans have a great dread. The army contingent fired from windows and house-tops, killing one and wounding about fifteen of the police. When the riot was at its height about half a dozen American soldiers charged the crowd, dispersing all, on both sides, as though they had been sheep. The fighting contingent ran as fast as their legs could carry them before a few soldiers, simply because they have been made to respect the latter.

I was standing in front of the Tacon Theatre one evening during the present Gomez vs. "Assembly" excitement, and all around were crowds of excited little men, who were gesticulating and arguing the topic of the hour. A policeman, who evidently felt it his duty to do something, elbowed his way through this excited, noisy crowd, and came up to a couple of General Ludlow's staff officers, who were standing by, and told them to "move on." This is a single instance where the total lack of any sense of the right was shown, and illustrates the reason why the police of Havana are not respected. It is a common sight to see a policeman order a citizen to do something, and then argue the matter with him. A crowd gathers, and the policeman gives up the point. It is no wonder that the people of Havana do not respect the law.

All this is not the fault of the American officers who instruct these men, nor of the New York police officials who have been here working day and night to show the proper way to run police affairs, but the Cubans will not be taught. The Cuban people consider that we have no right here, and the hatred toward the Americans by a certain class is quite as strong as it was against the Spanish rule; and all because the American government will not turn the island over to them, that they may get their fingers into the treasury. In the cafés or on the streets such a thing as an American and Cuban officer making any sign of recognition is unheard of.

During the welcome to General Gomez arches were erected in all parts of the city, and on all of these arches were inscriptions of various sorts in Spanish. There was an arch on a little square, on which the military post-office stands, and on three sides of this arch were Spanish inscriptions, but on the one facing the military post-office was printed in English, in great, glaring letters, the inscription, "Cubans are free, and will be free and independent." This was intended as a direct slap at the American rule. The army officers are endangering their lives every day and every hour that they stay in Cuba, and they are doing this to make the island more healthy, and to establish a government that will stand. Instead of assisting, the Cuban people tear down as fast as the army builds up. The newspapers consider such things as the prohibition of dumping garbage upon the streets as infringements upon the rights of a free people.

The latest example of the ingratitude of the people of this island, as shown through the press, is in *La Lucha*, one of the daily papers. They attacked General Ludlow day after day, and finally in such a personal manner that he threatened them with a personal libel-suit, and the following from that paper is the result, all because American officials are doing the will of their government to the best of their ability for the benefit of a degenerate race:

WARNING.

The Havana newspapers are hereby cautioned against publishing any comment derogatory to the civil or military governors of the city of Havana, or any of their staff officers. The king can do no wrong! These two rulers are above criticism, and by exercising the God-given right of free expression of opinion you render yourselves liable to a libel-suit, a fine, and a term in a nasty, horrid dungeon, with rats. We know.

The Cuban people have been governed by force so long that they will recognize no other manner of government, and as soon as they lose the fear of personal harm they grow insolent and attack their benefactors. The withdrawal of General Lee's corps of volunteers is little short of criminal, for they are needed here. As long as they remain they will never be called upon, but when they have gone any agitator may stir these people to revolt against their benefactors. Only a few days ago a negro agitator named Gomez, who is a member of the self-appointed "Assembly," made a fiery speech in favor of a motion which he put to the "Assembly" to "put a Cuban general in Maximo Gomez's place at the head of the army and expel the Americans from the island of Cuba." And he would find plenty of men who would lead that army to attack their benefactors, and plenty to follow such a wild leader.

I do not want my opinion of these people and of their ingratitude misconstrued as an attack upon them, their character, nor their police, but merely to show the impossibility of turning the island over to them for some time to come. The government should give the officers in command on the island a free hand in ruling, for no one not on the spot can realize the critical condition in Cuba at present.



HOW THE AMERICAN TROOPS FIGHT UN

OUR DASHING REGULARS AND BRAVE VOLUNTEERS DESTROYING A FILIPINO VILLAGE AND DRIVING OUT THE N



S FIGHT UNDER A TROPICAL SUN.

AND DROVE OUT THE NATIVE SHARPSHOOTERS IN THE PHILIPPINES AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET.

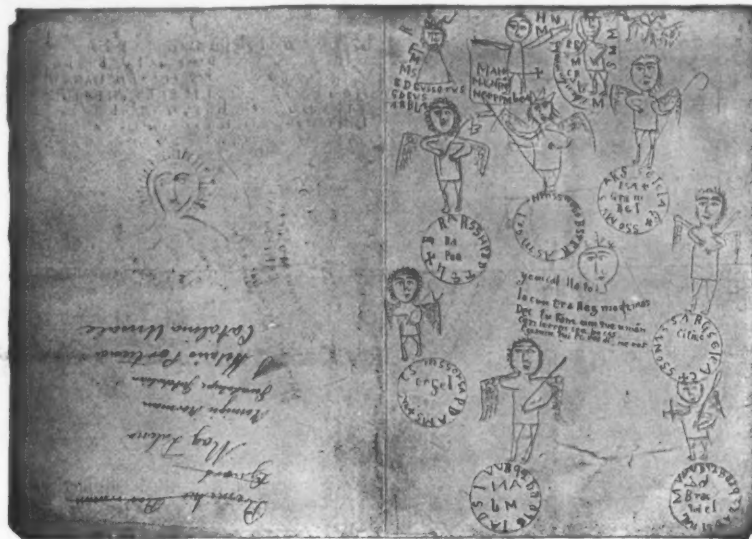
THE FILIPINO OUTBREAK.

PEACEFUL CONDITIONS IN MANILA SUDDENLY DISTURBED BY A SINGLE SHOT—HOW THE INSURGENTS FOUGHT TO THE DEATH, TRUSTING TO THEIR RELIGIOUS "CHARMS" FOR IMMUNITY—SPLENDID FIGHTING BY THE AMERICAN REGULARS AND VOLUNTEERS—AGUINALDO DISAVOWS RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE TROUBLE.

E.W.A.B.R.I.T.
B.M.C.P.B.B.T.
I.M.2.i.P.T.T.T.
Lbidi Mi2.To.
J.S.M.J.h.N.
E.b.O.V.2.N.
C.P.B.B.E.M
M.M.M.



A FILIPINO "ANTIN-ANTIN," OR RELIGIOUS CHARM.



FOUND ON A DEAD FILIPINO.

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, February 12th, 1899.—Manila and its environs now present a strange contrast with the situation of eight days ago. We are now experiencing a touch of the sensation and panic that must have prevailed, only to a far greater extent, among the Spaniards at the time of Dewey's arrival and up to the fall of Manila on August 13th. For months the American army has tolerated the affronts and growing arrogance of the insurgents, the latter endeavoring to the utmost to precipitate a clash. These have been months that have tried the most indulgent consideration of General Otis and every officer and private of the American forces. But the strained relations were at last broken. The single crack of a Nebraska boy's rifle brought forth a concerted attack upon our forces along our lines.

When the sudden onslaught came our boys were not found wanting. With fearful vigor and deadly aim they slaughtered the insurgents by the thousand and drove them back in confusion. Throughout Manila the natives hoisted white flags, white shirts, and white helmets, in hasty token of truce. Thousands of these emblems appeared everywhere, and as our troops marched by they respected the cry of the helpless. Only when a Mauser pinged over their heads from the hidden occupant of a nipa hut did they turn about and riddle it. Whole belated families, bereft of home and property, subsequently fled into Manila, or offered themselves up to our troops under the insignia of neutrality—a piece of white piña cloth tied to the top of a bamboo pole.

The natives, who were becoming boastful and insolent in their hopes of dawning independence, suddenly began to doff their hats and bend low again in meek supplication, as when the Spaniards held Manila. Santa Ana, Paco, St. Roque, and neighboring villages were quickly reduced to ashes, and from a war-ship on the bay—as a captain of one of Dewey's fleet expressed it—"hundreds, yes, thousands, could be seen running in hot haste from their towns and homes." But the insurgent troops fought well—far better than even their most sanguine American admirers imagined they could or would. Their aim was poor, but they emptied their guns until the death-blow overtook them, and then unarmed comrades grabbed the fallen rifles until they in their turns were killed.

One of the grotesque and pitiful sights was the appearance of thousands of mountaineer Igorotes, bedecked with war-feathers and armed with boloses and bows and arrows. These poor wretches were placed in the battle-line, believing that it was a place of great honor, and that, protected by "antin-antins," no harm could reach them. Thousands of "antin-antins," or religious charms, consisting of a combination of unintelligible Latin, Spanish, and Tagalo words, and embellished with absurd pictures of saints, were found upon the dead bodies of the insurgents. They were told that no bullet could injure a soldier who kept one of these on his person.

When the American forces followed them up in a night attack, last Sunday, the insurgents were filled with consternation. "Filipino no sabe Americano," was the cry; for the Spaniards had never disturbed their rest in this manner. The shells from the *Charleston*, *Monadnock*, *Concord*, and *Callao*, along the shore, drove the insurgents from their cover, frightened their sharpshooters from the trees, and sent them flying within range of our advancing lines.

The old church at Paco, the insurgent arsenal, was completely destroyed by the Third Artillery, under Captain Dyer. At Santa Ana the Idahos captured two Krupp rapid-fire guns. The Nebraskas had a hot pitched battle at Santa Mesa, under Colonel Stotsenberg, and captured the powder-magazine beyond Santa Ana. The First Washington Regiment distinguished itself by driving the insurgents back and into the Pasig River. The First Montana held its position in an old Chinese cemetery, and drove the insurgents from this elevated stronghold. The Fourteenth Regiment, just above Malate, where stand the ruins of the old fort wrecked by Dewey, had a hard struggle at block-house No. 14, and, making a magnificent charge, drove the insurgents back from their modern and well-constructed breastworks, notwithstanding a brisk cross-fire. The Fourth Cavalry rendered splendid service in supporting the Fourteenth. The First Dakotas, the Colorados, and Nebraskas kept up a magnificent fire and advance.

General Anderson, in charge of the division, took block-house No. 5 after a desperate fight. A fierce battle was fought in the taking of Calocan, seven miles from Manila, where the

insurgent forces congregated after their disastrous defeats at Paco, Santa Ana, Pasig, and all along their lines. Their force is estimated at 40,000, including the Igorotes. The *Charleston* and *Monadnock* shelled the insurgent lines for thirty minutes. This was at 3:30 P. M. last Friday. The Utah and Sixth artillery opened the battle. The Fourth Cavalry, First Idahos, two batteries of the Third Artillery, and four companies of the First Montana comprised the fighting-line, strengthened by two guns of the Sixth Artillery.

General MacArthur advanced the Third Artillery through a deep ravine east of Calocan, in the meanwhile keeping the attention of the insurgents elsewhere, by using the Montanas, Pennsylvanias, and the Kansas and Idaho troops in an advance in a south and southeasterly direction. Firing was incessant, and at a given signal the whole line advanced, breaking the insurgents' front and driving them, without stopping, under a heavy two hours' fire, miles north of Calocan. Before leaving the

Tis Tamento n5 Atn Pangi noon Que su
Cris to ns sis ay manag dito sa lu Pa At sa
lahat ng coniang ginaung milagro AT si no
Ang babasa AT sasaman talahin itong libro
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Su ma Sam Pala ta Ya AT Aba Pu. Amama men Alang
Alang Sacaniana ng gina ng uadito sa babuao nang
Lu Pa AY nag Pacaruc ha nang Pag tubos Sa Sa la

AT Dito ma qui qui ta Ang lahat na mi lagro
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sa namangac Patid ni tung libro si cre to Alcu
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di tado At siang pa ga mit sa Pag sa solini tong
Mahal na libro Amang san lisi ma Trinidad.

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REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF A FILIPINO "ANTIN-ANTIN."

town the insurgents fired their houses, and in a short time the whole heavens were filled with smoke and flame. The American troops saved the principal residences and storehouses after a hard fight with the fire. All was then quiet until the next morning, when the insurgents gathered force and attacked the First Idahos, but the Third Artillery re-enforced them, and at eight o'clock a hearty breakfast was served to the troops. Seven Americans were killed and twenty-one wounded in the battle of Calocan. The insurgents lost over 1,000.

Aguinaldo, according to rumor, claims that he is not to blame for the outbreak, and that he has exercised every measure to stop it. Opinion differs as to the sincerity of his words, as his declaration of war was published, and it said that the Filipinos would fight for liberty or death. Plans of the insurgent generals captured at Santa Ana show that an attack was premeditated upon Manila, to take place on Sunday, the 5th, and boasts were made that the insurgent forces would attend Mass at the cathedral in Manila on Sunday morning.

The Spaniards are jubilant over the outcome, and have made numerous proposals to enlist and fight the natives. Our officers and our troops are showing every possible consideration for the 600 prisoners and the injured, who are placed in our hospitals, while the dead are given decent funerals.

EDWIN WILDMAN.

The Knights of the New Crusade.

THRILLING the tale of crusaders bold,
Heroes of early day;
Gallants who glittered in cloth-of-gold,
Tilted in tournaments gay,
Fought for the faith on a foeman's field,
Breaking the Moslem blade,
Winning the laurels to-day they yield
To the knights of the new crusade.

Borne on the breath of a Southern breeze,
Sounded a bitter cry—
Wailing of women, despairing pleas
Of strong men doomed to die,
Swiftly echoed the answering call,
(Ah! How the mothers prayed!)
But, "On to Cuba!" cried one and all
The knights of the new crusade.

Their purpose speaks in the deathless deed
Of Dewey at Cavité;
Where the riders charged with never a heed
For death at El Caney;
Lions, while facing the shell-storm's blows,
But a blessed accolade
Fell from the lips of the dying foes
On the knights of the new crusade.

Now and forever your fame shall glow
Like light of a single star.
(For Dewey and Philip and Wheeler show
The world what heroes are.)
Safe from the snarling waves of Hate,
A beacon that shall not fade,
Soldier and sailor of 'ninety-eight,
The knights of the new crusade!

ERNEST NEAL LYON.

Life on a Model Transport.—No. III.

THE ISLAND OF PERIM—ONE OF ENGLAND'S CORNER LOTS AND HOW SHE CAME TO GET IT BY A SHARP TRICK.

ISLAND OF PERIM, March 1st, 1899.—This morning, just before daylight, the *Sherman* dropped anchor in the tiny harbor of the island of Perim, which is one of England's corner-lots around the world. The sole business here is the selling of coal to passing steamers by the Perim Coal Company. Great Britain's interest here is in the maintenance of a naval station, to the furtherance of which end she maintains a garrison of Sepoy soldiery, numbering some forty men, who, like every one else on the island, are under the command of the British resident. An uneventful trip through the Suez Canal and the Red Sea, in which the only incident of interest was a race with a Russian troop-ship bound for Vladivostok, terminated at this, one of the hottest, barest, weirdest spots in the Orient.

Perim's population consists, all told, of some 500 Arabs, Jomalis, and Sepoys, and about forty Europeans. There is no natural shade to be found on the island, and the whitewashed houses of the brown and black part of the population are insufferably hot. The better-to-do Europeans live in bungalows based on the Indian idea of tropical architecture. There is one hotel here, the "Oriental"—the best in the place because it is the only one. No meals are sold here—nothing but goods in tin and glass. There are no springs on the island. Water and ice are furnished by a government-maintained distilling and freezing plant. At the Perim Club are to be found the few nabobs of the place, the resident, the chief of the cable-station, and the department chiefs of the Perim Coal Company. Great hospitality was shown to the American visitors, Mr. A. D. Little, the cable superintendent, entertaining all comers in right royal fashion at his home, and furnishing the passenger list of the *Sherman* with a voluminous batch of telegrams covering the news of the world for the last fortnight.

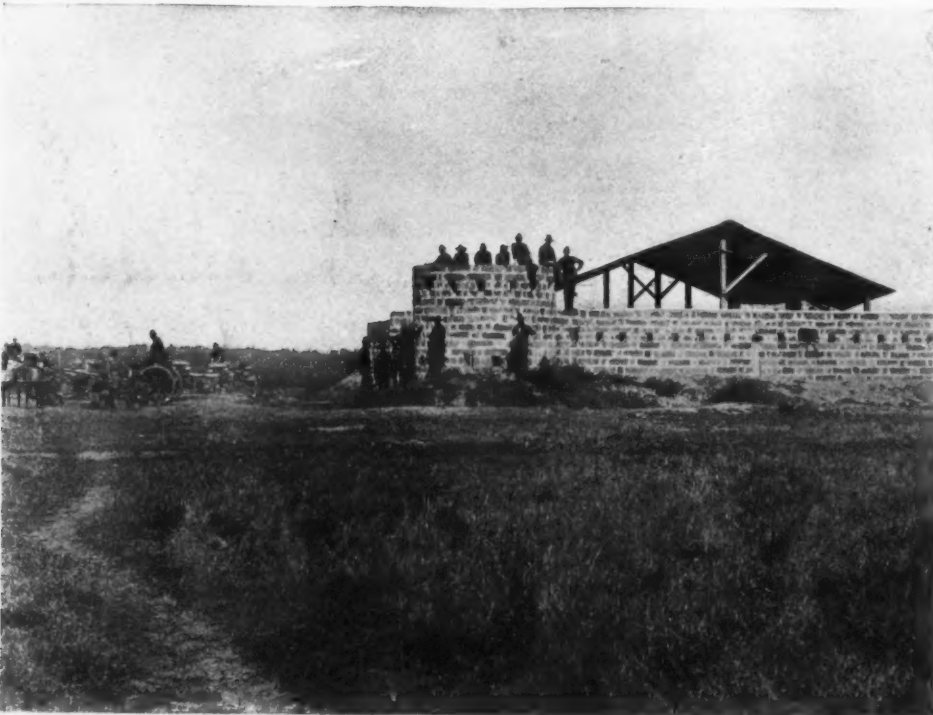
Our American visitors were ashore at nine o'clock in the morning, seeing the sights of the town and buying the curios of the one store in the town and of the many vendors. England has been in possession of Perim for the better part of a century. The manner in which the island was annexed to the British crown has about it the flavor of a Yankee trick. Early in the century, when the British were in possession of Aden, a French man-of-war put in there late one afternoon. Dined and wine



KANSAS BOYS RESTING IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE THE BATTLE OF CALOOCAN, FEBRUARY 9th.



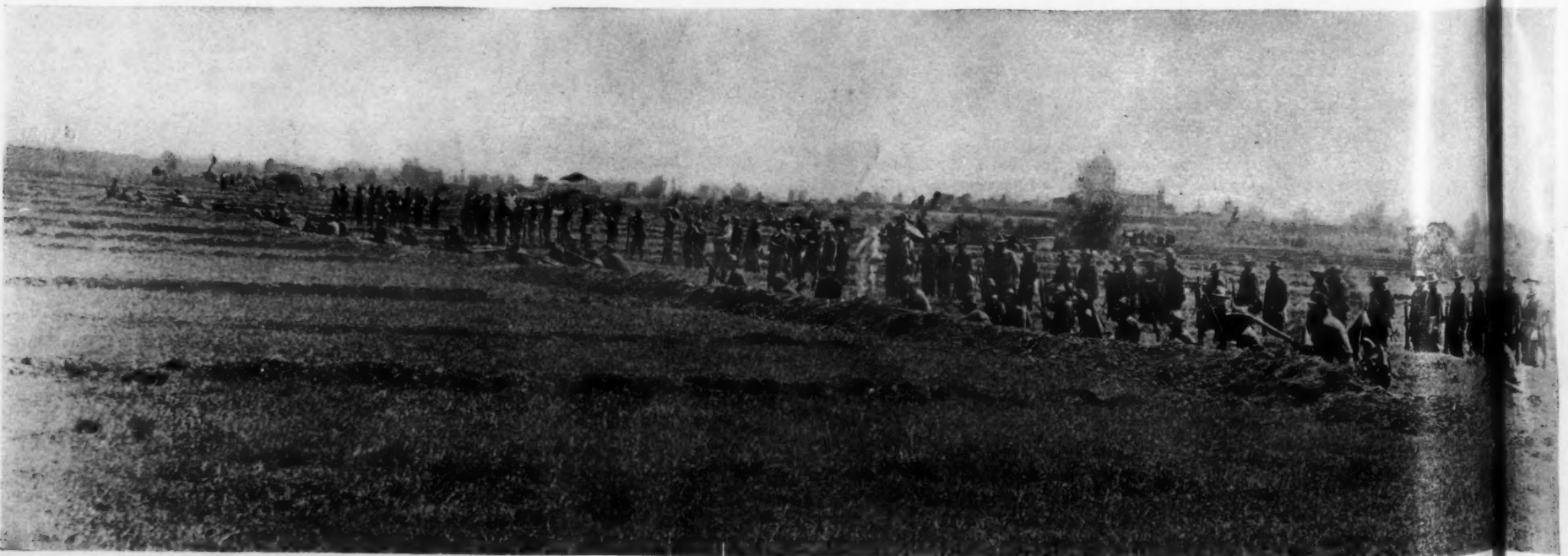
BATTERY D, OF THE FAMOUS UTAHS, SHELLING THE FILIPINOS AT CALOOCAN.



INSURGENT BLOCK-HOUSE, CAPTURED FEBRUARY 4TH, BY THE UTAH BATTERY AND MONTANA VOLUNTEERS, NEAR CALOOCAN.



A SMALL-POX HOSPITAL IN THE SUBURBS OF MANILA.



COMPANY K, RELIEVING COMPANY D, MONTANA VOLUNTEERS, IN THE TRENCHES NEAR CALOOCAN, FEBRUARY 9TH.

THE DESPERATE FIGHT AT CALOOCAN

UNCLE SAM'S VOLUNTEERS FROM THE FAR WEST AND THE PACIFIC COAST GAVE A GOOD

THE FILIPINO COMMISSIONERS DEL
ING AND STAFF.

THIRD ARTI



PHILIPINO COMMISSIONERS DELIVERING THE WRITTEN SURRENDER OF PASIG TO BRIGADIER-GENERAL KING AND STAFF. [GENERAL KING INDICATED BY AN X MARKED OVER HIM.]



INSURGENTS KILLED IN THE TRENCHES IN SANTA ANA SUBURB, FEBRUARY 4TH, BY THE IDAHO AND WASHINGTON VOLUNTEERS.



THIRD ARTILLERY ACTING AS INFANTRY IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE CALOOCAN, FEBRUARY 8TH.—AT THE FRONT ARE A NUMBER OF COMPANY I, MINNESOTA VOLUNTEERS, WHO SLIPPED OUT TO THE FIRING-LINE, EAGER FOR THE FRAY.



ADVANCE SCOUTS OF THE CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS WITH LIEUTENANT COLONEL DU BOSQ, WAITING FOR THE FILIPINO PEACE COMMISSIONERS FROM PASIG TO CROSS THE RIVER WITH PAPERS OF SURRENDER.

AT CALOOCAN, NEAR MANILA.

COAST GUARD A GOOD ACCOUNT OF THEMSELVES IN THE DISTANT PHILIPPINES.



THE OUTPOST OF THE NEBRASKAN VOLUNTEERS, NEAR MANILA. WHERE THE TROUBLE WITH THE FILIPINOS BEGAN.

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out of the bag. They were bound for Perim to seize that island, which commands the straits between the Red and Arabian seas. A significant look passed from the British commandant to his subordinates. The wine passed more freely; the French slept late in the morning, and when they reached Perim the British jack had been flying for three hours, raised there by a sub-lieutenant and a detail of ten men, who had traveled to Perim with all speed. Since it controls the southern outlet of the Red Sea the value of the island to the British to-day can hardly be computed.

In the harbor, upon our arrival, lay her Majesty's gun-boat *Hazard*, Commander Lewis. Official courtesies passed between the gun-boat and our troop-ship, and in the afternoon American visitors were cordially entertained on the British fighting-craft.

H. IRVING HANCOCK.

The Dramatic Season in New York.

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN'S *Victoria*, at Forty-Second Street and Broadway, is the newest pleasure resort in New York City, and gives as much rollicking fun for the money as any of the others, and a good deal more than some of them. The Rogers brothers, with their German dialect, comic songs, and eccentric dancing, are a whole show in themselves. "A Reign of Error," a three-act vaudeville, gives these original characters a fine opportunity to do their best, and a lot of pretty girls, in comic songs and lively dances, give a delightful sparkle to the entertainment. Miss Ada Lewis, as "the undeveloped clairvoyant," does clever work. The take-off on "The Musketeers" is only interesting to those who have seen the dramatization of Dumas's novel. Something more amusing with propriety could take its place.

While Buffalo Bill's immense company and its unique and always attractive performance may not properly come under the classification of the dramatic, still no one will deny that Colonel Cody is a good deal of an actor, and his genuine Indians are not far behind him. As for Major Burke, the manager of the fascinating conglomerate, he is both an actor and an orator. The crowds that throng Madison Square Garden every evening and wildly applaud Buffalo Bill and his aggregation of talent testify to their appreciation of what is really the greatest American show on earth.

Farce-comedy seems to please the New York public better than anything else; and the best of it comes either from the light and frolicsome French or the heavy and humorous German. Sydney Rosenfeld's adaptation from the German, called "The Purple Lady," at the Bijou, is a little wordy, but excellent as a whole, and gives Miss Maude Harrison, Miss Bijou Fernandez, and Miss Minnie Dupree capital chances to interest, if not to instruct, their audiences, and they make the most of them.

It has been a long time since New York has had a more amusing comedy than "The Cuckoo," the three-act adaptation from the French of Meilhac, by Charles Brookfield. The play is a little broad, which might be expected of a French production, but the cast is singularly strong, and Joseph Holland and Miss Amelia Bingham are its leading lights. Those who love to be amused will not miss "The Cuckoo" at Wallack's.

The revival of Shakespearean plays at the Herald Square Theatre, by R. D. MacLean; his wife, Odette Tyler; and Charles B. Hanford, was well received, and indicated that a great many theatre-goers still enjoy legitimate drama in this swirl of vaudeville, burlesque, and comic opera. Miss Tyler's debut as a Shakespearean actress was a very creditable one.

Jerome's four-act play, "John Ingerfield," just brought out at the Lyceum, gave an excellent stock company the opportunity to do admirable work. Mr. Morgan, as John Ingerfield, and Miss Manning, as Miss Anne Singleton, were especially good. The plot is interesting, but not strikingly original.

Financial—Rabbit-farm Speculation.

THE fact that during the last eighteen months industrial enterprises have been put upon the market with an amazing aggregate of capital of over \$4,000,000,000 leads an appreciative reader, who foresees a very serious condition of affairs ahead of us within a few years, to send us a take-off on some of the industrial prospectuses of the day. As a matter of amusement and interest, I print the document. Here it is:

RABBIT FARM PROSPECTUS.

Rabbits commence breeding at six months, and have drops of eight every three months. It is proposed that we commence with twenty pairs, ten males and ten females, which, exclusive of land, will call for an investment of four dollars, resulting in the following product:

Three months.....	80
Six ".....	160
Nine ".....	880
One year.....	4,160
" three months.....	17,280
" six ".....	69,760
" nine ".....	279,680
Two years.....	1,118,720
" three months.....	4,475,520
" six ".....	17,909,720
" nine ".....	71,611,520
Three years.....	306,446,720

This product can be sold in the market certainly at five cents each, giving a gross income in three years of \$15,322,366.00, to be deducted from which are the following expenses:

Rent of land, per annum.....	\$4,000	\$12,000 00
Superintendence, per annum.....	2,000	6,000 00
Feed (estimated), ".....	2,000	6,000 00
		\$24,000 00

To be deducted from gross income, leaving a net profit on a four-dollar investment of over fifteen million, two hundred and ninety-eight thousand, three hundred and thirty-six (\$15,298,336.00) in three years.

The capital stock of four dollars will be divided into 480 shares, par value, one cent.

YOU ARE INVITED TO SUBSCRIBE.

"D. N. E." Stanley, New York: Will investigate.

"A. C. L." Minneapolis, Minnesota: I think well of Wabash preferred for a low-priced stock. Give it a chance.

"B." St. Helena, California: I cannot advise you. These stocks are not dealt in on Wall Street. (2) I would prefer to deal with a well-established house of unquestioned strength.

"C. B. Q." Munising, Michigan: All the parties you name claim to give tips on Wall Street. Better consult a first-class stock broker. (2) Watson & Gibson, 55 Broadway, New York.

"Alert," Batavia, New York: The gentleman you refer to is understood to be a speculator who claims to have special information regarding stock values. Any man who has such information can make more money by keeping it to himself than by selling it or giving it away.

"L. B." Albany, New York: The annual report of the Delaware and Hudson credits the company with \$12,000,000 for "unmined coal," which is an entirely new asset. But it reduces the item of real estate

by \$6,000,000; of equipment by nearly \$7,000,000; and adds a new asset of "stocks" of over \$1,500,000. I think the report is very fair. I would keep my stock.

"Economy," Portland, Maine: For a "flyer" in cheap speculative stocks you might try St. Louis and San Francisco common and second preferred, Kansas and Texas and Wabash preferred, and St. Louis and Southwestern. The Southwestern stocks promise an advance, if the market generally does not react.

"R. P.," Syracuse, New York: I would not sell my Manhattan. You will find this advice given some time ago in this column. The local traction franchises in New York City are all of immense value, as has been revealed by the sharp advance in Manhattan immediately after its combination with the Third Avenue.

Marion, Ohio: In such a fluctuating market I would not buy anything unless I had the money to pay for it. The industrials, with their marked ups and downs, require a very stiff margin. (2) I would not sell my Northwest, Union Pacific, or New York Central. I look upon them as excellent investments that may sell still higher.

"Y.," Laconia, New Hampshire: The bonds you speak of have been widely distributed, and many believe in them. Their value, of course, depends largely upon the honesty and capacity of the management. My own decided preference would be for a bond of some leading railroad, or other well-recognized corporate body.

"S.," Washington, D. C.: I think nothing at all of the scheme. It is one of a hundred others with which the "lamb" are being constantly beguiled. The circular is most plausible in its argument, but if the manipulators of the combination are right, why don't they put their own money into it and make a fortune in one season?

"Reader," Allentown, Pennsylvania: The circular you inclose is one of many issued by a variety of more or less unreliable concerns. They make money for their patrons on a rising market sometimes, but no one has ever profited in the end by a business connection with them. It would be much better to deal with regular members of the exchanges.

"Clerk," Omaha, Nebraska: The firm of Sloan, Blair, King & Co., of New York, which has offered to handle your money, guaranteeing you a profit of a thousand per cent., occupied a little hall bedroom, and did such a fraudulent business that the post-office inspectors broke up the establishment. All the great cities are full of these "snake" brokers.

"L. M.," Kansas City: You are right, but a little late. I have already spoken favorably of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, and especially of its second preferred stock around forty. The purchase by it of the St. Louis and Oklahoma City railway, running from Supula to Oklahoma City, over 100 miles, through a rich country, has already been announced. It ought to add materially to the earnings of the San Francisco.

"H. O. J.," Troy, New York: The amount of money you require to enter the stock market depends upon what you want to buy and whether you want to buy on a margin or outright. I would not advise you to speculate on a margin. A hundred dollars will buy about ten shares of a stock selling at \$10, as you can easily figure out for yourself. At this writing \$250 would buy ten shares of Wabash preferred. (2) Spencer, Trask & Co. have an office at Albany.

"Business," Harrisburg, Pennsylvania: Five-per-cent. dividends on Federal Steel common are promised, or at the rate of one and one-quarter per cent. quarterly. Ex-Governor Flower says that in the first five months of the fiscal year six per cent. has been earned for the preferred stock, and that the common may earn as high as ten per cent. He has great faith in the property, and his judgment is a dominating factor on Wall Street.

"A. J.," New York: The earnings of the road you refer to have been increasing, but the bonds are not considered a first-class investment, though many are holding them for a rise. The strength of the bond market indicates that these bonds may sell higher. If you can realize a little more on your investment, it would be advisable to dispose of the bonds a little later and buy good four-per-cent. American railway bonds, some of which still sell at less than par.

"Henry B.," Savannah, Georgia: The preferred industrials which you speak of, People's Gas, of Chicago, and Rock Island, are safe to hold at the prices mentioned. (2) Louisville and Nashville has been very erratic, but its earnings seem to justify an advance. (3) Some of the rapid rise in the stocks you mention was no doubt due to speculative pooling, which held them up. Other pools, I understand, are being organized to advance the price of Leather, Rubber, Tin Plate, Union Bag, and Steel and Wire. Perhaps before this appears these movements will have been inaugurated.

"J. H.," New Orleans, Louisiana: It is difficult to advise you how to invest your savings in a gilt-edged security that will yield a much larger per cent. than you are now receiving from your local bank. I would not advise a workman with a small income to speculate. It is too risky an undertaking. You might buy a good bond of some local gas or street-car company, which no doubt would net you more than you receive from the bank. Or you could hold your money ready to buy some gilt-edged dividend-paying stock when prices fall. It is safe to say that there will be a serious decline in prices and some good chances to pick up bargains before the Presidential election of next year.

"W. A.," Philadelphia: Kansas City, Pittsburg and Gulf, against the purchase of which I stand on record in this column, is now in the hands of a receiver. I would not be surprised if the stock sold lower, and it might be wisdom to pocket your loss and buy the stock back when the reorganization plan is developed, if you are unable to pay an assessment on it, for an assessment is not an unlikely outcome of the situation, though it is given out that no assessment will be levied. Your only alternative is to hold the stock and keep it through all vicissitudes. Much depends upon the plan of reorganization. The plan may help the stock, though of course the bond-holders are first thought of. If you had followed my advice it would have been money in your pocket.

JASPER.

Insurance—Assessment Dangers.

A PRACTICAL demonstration of the dangers and entanglements of insurance and assessment concerns comes from Canada. Nearly 3,500 members of the Order of Select Knights, of Canada, whose affairs are in process of liquidation, will be called upon to pay six months' assessments, aggregating about \$70,000, in consequence of a decision handed down by the courts, and affecting all who have been members of the order within the last six years, and who were suspended for non-payment of dues. These members are scattered all over Canada, and will be assessed to pay matured claims of the association. In an old-line company such a situation would be impossible, for the members are not liable for assessments. They are simply liable for the amount of their premiums, which are fixed at the outset. If they fail to pay these premiums they receive something in return for what they have paid, either in the form of a cash payment or paid-up life insurance. In an assessment concern, however, when the policy is given up the insured receives nothing. And if the assessment concern is improperly or extravagantly managed and a member withdraws, he is still liable to be hauled up into court and compelled to pay his share of the association's liabilities. When these facts come to be thoroughly understood, the existing form of assessment life insurance will almost entirely disappear.

"Mother," Rochester, New York: The new law you speak of will be advantageous, I think, to the Security Mutual Life, of Binghamton, which I understand will avail itself of the new regulations that the law provides.

"D. C. H.," Denver, Colorado: I fear that your assessments will increase with your father's age, and that if he survives for any considerable length of time the assessments will amount to more than the face of the policy. You do not give his age, and therefore I cannot speak with an appreciation of all the circumstances. If you can pay the assessments without hardship for a few years to come, it might be better to continue them, but they are bound, sooner or later, to become onerous.

"Gordon," Rutland, Vermont: The bill to regulate the assessment concerns in Massachusetts has passed both branches of the Legislature. It will virtually lead to an abandonment of the old assessment system, and is another proof that this sort of insurance is well-nigh played out. It has had an existence of about thirty years in Massachusetts, during which period there has been the most scandalous mismanagement of many of the associations, with grievous loss to most of their members.

"Henry," Providence, Rhode Island: The wreck of the Connecticut Life Insurance Association, of Waterbury, shows the folly of the assessment plan. At the beginning of 1898 the association had over 6,000 policies in force, insuring over \$12,000,000. In a single year the number of policies fell to about 500, and the insurance to about \$1,000,000. The association began business less than twenty years ago, but it could not stand the largely increased ratio of deaths with the increase of the ages of its members.

The Hermit.

Validity of Industrial Securities.

THE following interview, covering a most important financial question, has been accorded by Mr. William R. Weeks, the financial and corporation lawyer, whose place of business is in the Bowling Green offices, at 11 Broadway, in this city. Mr. Weeks's experience, which extends over many years of practice, in which he has guided business interests involving millions of dollars, gives his opinions an exceptionally high degree of importance. Mr. Weeks said:

"I am interested, both professionally and as an individual stockholder, in many corporations, and in the organization of industrial combinations, by which it is hoped that the cost of production of certain articles of commerce will be materially decreased for the benefit of consumers. I dislike to sound an alarm as to the securities issued by such combinations, because it may affect the value of the stocks of some of these combinations, most of which are organized under the supervision of skillful, able and far-seeing lawyers, but there are others which have been so loosely and carelessly knitted together that they will unravel at the first cut of the legal scissors. Nevertheless, 'every tub must stand on its own bottom,' and in these days, when it is not uncommon to hear of industrial combinations, involving in the aggregate thousands of millions of dollars, being organized in a single week, I am willing, as a lawyer, to give my thoughts upon the subject unreservedly.

"In organizing an industrial combination, care must be taken that the letter and spirit of the National Anti-Trust statute shall not be infringed. The United States Supreme Court has defined its jurisdiction in such a way that only those combinations which restrain or interfere with trade between States can be successfully attacked. A second point for the lawyer's prudence is to organize the corporation, which is to combine the interests of many corporations, under the laws of a State which does not forbid aggregations of capital. This pitfall was carelessly dugged for one great industrial combination by its own law advisers, and the fall therein has cost the corporation in question an enormous loss. A third matter to be attended to is to see that the combination of industries is made by an actual sale in good faith of the property or stock of the smaller corporations to the great corporation which unites them. An exchange of stock by the owners of the smaller corporation for stock of the combining corporation leaves a vulnerable point which may sooner or later be pierced by able lawyers.

"The strictly legal ways of combining the corporations are, first, by purchasing the property of the smaller corporations, and paying either wholly in cash, or partly or wholly in stock or bonds of the larger corporation where the laws of the State in which the smaller corporations are organized permit them to hold the stock or bonds of other corporations; second, by purchasing a controlling interest in the stock of the smaller corporations and paying the individual holders either wholly in cash or partly or wholly in stock of the larger corporation.

"It is essential that the larger corporation be organized under the laws of a State which will permit it to hold the stock or bonds of other corporations.

"A most important matter is to make sure that the combining corporation is not over capitalized. A New York financier recently remarked that ten bankrupt corporations could not combine into a profit-earning organization. This is only partly true, for avoidance of ruinous competition and savings by decreased cost of management and distribution may make such a combination successful. But if there is an enormous and extravagant capitalization, dividends will not be earned. A hundred other points demanding a skillful lawyer's care occur in the conduct of the business of these combinations, but these must be taken up when the occasion comes. They cannot be foreseen or predicted.

"Some persons will say that the dissolution of a combination on account of legal or financial difficulties is unimportant, because the property of the combining corporations can be handed back to the original owners. If it could be so handed back, the remark would be true. But an industrial combination almost always includes new stockholders, who provide a fund for operating the business, and very frequently the original members of the merged corporations seize the opportunity to sell out and realize on their stock in the combination. In such cases a dissolution involves ruinous losses to persons who have invested their money in good faith, and who deserve the protection, rather than the enmity, of the law.

"The idea of industrial combination is in line with industrial progress. It is the logical outcome of the industrial situation. It cannot fail to succeed in cases where executive ability and skilled legal talent work together in harmony in careful organization and economical business management."

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THE NATION MOURNS HER DEAD.

IMPRESSIVE TRIBUTES PAID TO THE MEMORY OF THE SOLDIERS WHO DIED IN THEIR COUNTRY'S SERVICE.

FITTING tribute has been paid to the memory of the soldiers of our army who met death in Cuba and Porto Rico. "It is proper," wrote President McKinley, in his message directing that all honor be done to the remains of these men, "that with the advent of peace their bodies be gathered with tender care and restored to home and kindred." The troop-ship *Crooke*, "the funeral-ship," arrived from Cuba on March



BRINGING THE BODY OF A CIVILIAN OUT OF THE HOLD OF THE "CROOKE."

28th with 671 bodies of soldiers, six of sailors, and five of marines. The bodies of the sailors and marines were transferred to the navy yard, and the dead soldiers were taken in charge by the army, those which were claimed by relatives being given over to them, and the others taken to the funeral-train bound for the National Cemetery at Arlington, just south of Washington, where the bodies were interred with impressive ceremonies on April 6th. The Seventy-first Regiment marched with its dead through the streets of New York City on April 1st, and held a burial service in the armory. The scenes along the line of march were most impressive as the regiment and bodies approached, with relatives and friends walking with bowed heads behind each coffin. Noise was hushed; the solemn music of classical funeral-marches arose; the men in the great crowds removed their hats, and many women burst into tears. It was a beautiful tribute of a great city to her dead soldiers.

An immense crowd was gathered at the armory when the regiment arrived. The boxes containing the bodies, covered with the stars and stripes, were placed on the main drill-floor. Captain Keck turned the command over to Colonel Francis, and the regiment formed in battalion front, facing the west gallery. Chaplain Bradshaw took his position in front of the caskets; the band played "Nearer, My God, to Thee" as it had never played before. Women wept, and men were visibly affected. Then the chaplain read the Episcopal service for the dead, and at its close made a short address which singularly resembled in verbiage and sentiment the funeral oration that Colonel Ingersoll, the agnostic, delivered over his dead brother, Eben Ingersoll, at Washington, in 1879. The greater number of the *Crooke's* grim burden of fallen heroes came from the rude graves and trenches dug by their loving comrades on the glorious fields of San Juan and El Caney. All but 110 of the bodies were identified, and all were placed in metallic cases inclosed in wooden boxes, on which the names of the dead were inscribed. Of the unidentified bodies, sixty-five were exhumed from the rear of General Shafter's headquarters.



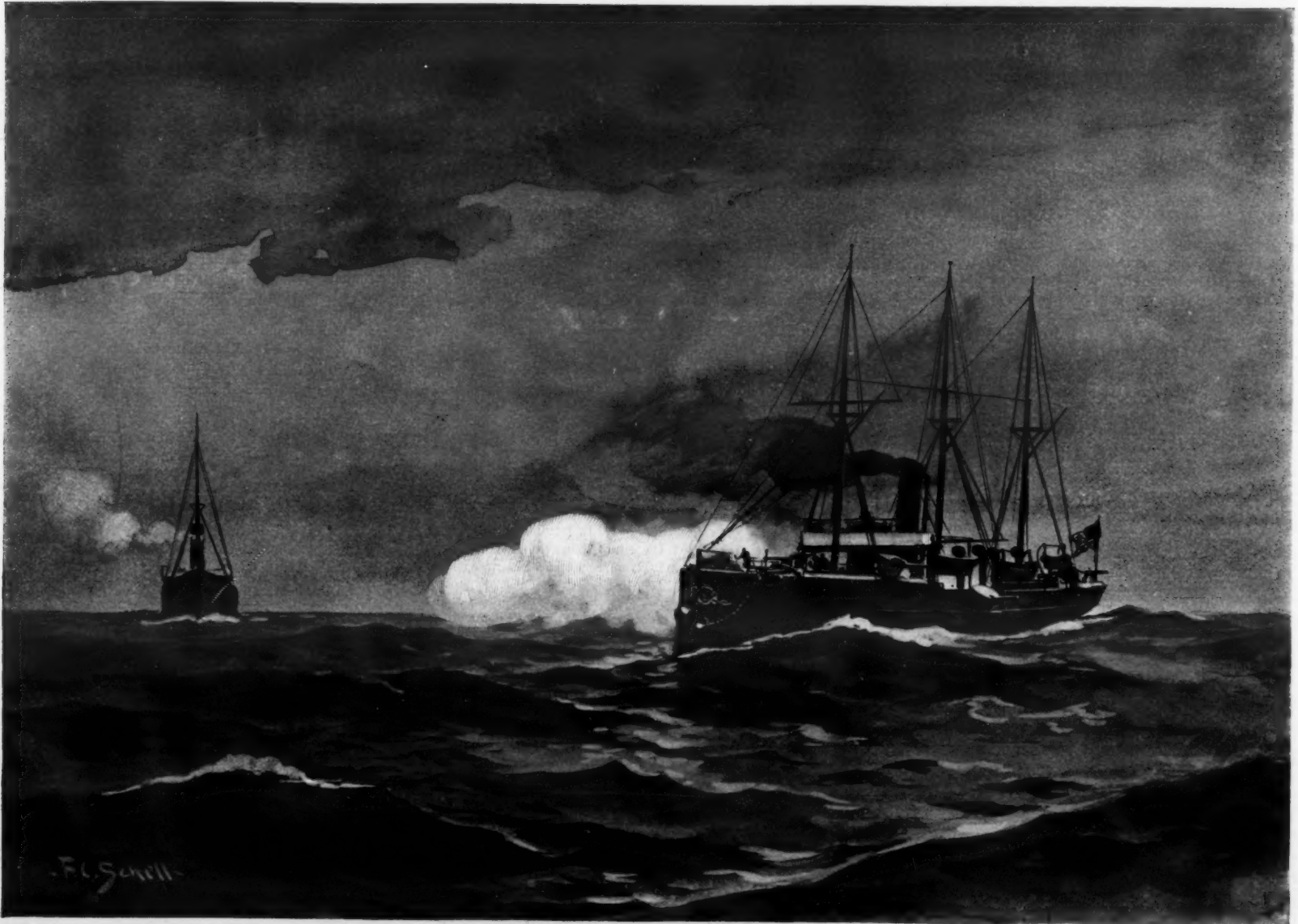
LIFTING THE BODY OF AN UNKNOWN SOLDIER TO THE DECK.



OLD GLORY AT HALF MAST OVER THE COFFINED DEAD.



HOW THE BODIES WERE CARRIED IN THE HOLD OF THE VESSEL.



TRYING TO HELP THE FILIPINOS.

THE SPANISH STEAMER "MUNDARA," SUSPECTED OF BEING A FILIBUSTER, CAPTURED BY THE UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "YORKTOWN," IN THE GULF OF LIUGAYEU, NOT FAR FROM MANILA.



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A LADY in Chicago, a few days ago, was giving a tiny baby its bath, afterward using powder from a perforated box. The little brother standing by said:
"Say, Mrs. T., aren't you going to salt the baby any more?"—Judge.

HOW IT IMPRESSED HIM.

"Wow! Hold on there!" shouted Bennie, who was taking a shock from an electric battery. "My fingers can't breathe."—Judge.

At Sherry's.

A GROUP of lovely women are discussing. From all these rosy lips emanate the wise decisions which govern fashions; and they all have decided that all wedding presents will hereafter be accompanied with several bottles of the Violette du Czar of Oriza-Legrand (sold by all perfumers and druggists), this delightful perfume being considered from now the "Acme of the Chic."

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THE increase in the sales of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne is something enormous. Purity and superiority will tell.

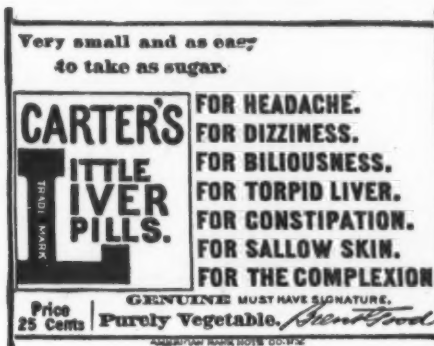
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FOUR GREAT FEATURES OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY



REMINGTON

THIS famous illustrator, whose drawings of soldiers and horses are known the world over, has gone to Cuba as special artist and correspondent for COLLIER'S WEEKLY. In Cuba Frederic Remington has found a congenial field, portraying as he does the routine and amusements of garrison life in the tropics and the relations of our soldiers to the people of the West Indies. Two of his recent drawings in this series, depicting the "American Regular" and "One of Gomez' Men," are of a particularly striking type and will stand as examples of his best work. The artist's correspondence accompanying his sketches is full of the same breezy and individual life. Taken together, his pictures and letters reflect in a graphic manner the changed conditions developed by the American military occupation of Cuba.



PALMER

THE noted war correspondent whose book "Going to War in Greece" told so brilliantly the story of the Greco-Turkish war, is now in the Philippines as a special writer for COLLIER'S WEEKLY. The resources of a modern war correspondent, while campaigning with an army in an almost unknown quarter of the world, are limited only by his ingenuity and daring. In these qualities, as in the force of his literary style, Frederick Palmer stands alone. Since he is likewise an expert photographer, the readers of COLLIER'S WEEKLY are sure to have the most faithful record of American military operations in the Far East. After the present campaign against Aguinaldo is ended Mr. Palmer will travel through all the important groups of Islands, including many unexplored regions of the Philippines.



REUTERDAHL

THE marine artist whose stirring pictures of naval engagements during the Spanish war made all nautical experts acknowledge him as the foremost in his line, is now at work on a new series of paintings for COLLIER'S WEEKLY. Mr. Reuterdahl will depict not only the exteriors of our warships, but also typical scenes of sailor life, showing our Yankee tars aboard their battleships in time of peace as well as war. Among the subjects selected for his brush are the following: "In the Fighting Top," "Clear for Action!" "With the Compliments of the German Admiral," "You may Fire when You are Ready, Gridley!" As the titles indicate, these illustrations make a unique and highly characteristic pictorial record of some of the latest achievements of the American navy.



WENZELL

THIS exquisite illustrator of American society life has now undertaken to reveal himself amid new surroundings. This month he sails for Europe, where he will depict for COLLIER'S WEEKLY some of the famous social events of the Old World. As fit subjects for his brush he has chosen such scenes as the Henley Regatta, House-boating on the Thames, The Queen's Drawing-room; to be followed by illustrations of similar brilliant events across the Channel, such as The Grand Prix, A Garden Party at the Elysée, A Night on the Boulevard. Reproductions of these charming drawings will be published in COLLIER'S WEEKLY in May, to be continued throughout the summer. He may confidently be expected to add an entirely novel and refreshing glimpse of fashionable life as it exists in London and Paris.

AMERICA'S MOST PROGRESSIVE WEEKLY



TOSSING THE BALL FROM THE FOOT TO THE SHOULDER.



CATCHING THE BALL ON THE SHOULDER FROM THE FOOT.



HOW THE BURMESE PLAY BALL.



HOLDING BOTH BALLS WITH ONE LEG.



BOTH BALLS CAUGHT ON BOTH SHOULDERS.

How the Burmese Play Ball.

A NEW THING IN JUGGLERS—MOUNG TOON MAKES HIS FEET ACCOMPLISH THE WORK HITHERTO DONE BY THE HAND—A WONDROUS EXHIBITION OF BALL-THROWING.

NEW YORK, the Mecca of the weird and the fantastic in humanity of every nation and every clime, is being treated to a new phenomenon in the race of bipeds. It is to be found in the person of the chocolate-colored young man who does many curious things with glass balls on the stage at Koster & Bial's. The young man comes from Mandalay. On the bills he is "featured" in fat, black letters as "Moung Toon, the Burmese wonder."

The chief charm of Mr. Toon's performance is to be found in his eloquent feet. He appears on the stage entirely naked except for a breech-clout. He has demonstrated that the foot may be made to take the place of the hand, and while he is on the stage it seems as if the feet, soft and polished as india-rubber, would run the whole gamut of human emotion. His work is accomplished solely by their aid. There is absolutely nothing that they will not do at his bidding. And while he stands fronting the audience in all the glory of his Indian-ink tattoo, the hands hang down in front of him—palms outstretched in the fashion of the Oriental—inert and motionless. Behind him stands his "feeder" and partner, Moung Chet, who is to the wicker basket what Moung Toon is to the glass ball.

Two small, glittering globes, each of the size of a robust apple, nestle lovingly under Moung Toon's neck. There is just an imperceptible shifting of a muscle and the balls begin to glide over shoulders and back with the smooth, lithe grace of quicksilver. Over his neck, down his back, around and around his shoulders glide the balls, slowly at first, then darting to and fro with an electric quickness that clouds the sight. And the audience stares in a kind of resigned wonder.

Ball No. 1, rushing for the right shoulder, drops. There is just the slightest twitch of the expressive right foot, and Moung Toon has caught it gracefully and easily in the hollow that lies between the ankle and the base of the shin-bone. A nonchalant shrug from the foot and the ball has bounded to its nook on Mr. Toon's right shoulder, while the globe on the left has fallen plumb on the top of his left toe. The audience has now recovered from its first stupor of surprise and breaks into applause, and then, with a zigzag twist of the left and right feet, the ball is tossed backward and upward, landing once more in its old place on the shoulder.

Mr. Toon having thus schooled his audience, proceeds to ring a thousand different variations on his theme. The balls are now flying to and fro across and across his body and around his back, describing every imaginable kind of curve, dropping at unexpected moments, but quick as they are the expressive foot

is quicker and they always find their accustomed place in the little hollow. And as yet the outstretched hands have never moved.

There is a moment's pause, an irritable glance of each foot, and the balls fly upward to the roof of the stage, to be caught as they fall with a corkscrew reversal of the feet; so that while Mr. Toon faces the audience with his ivory smile, his toes are pointing to the rear of the stage. The feet twitch again and the tiny globes are again perched on Toon's shoulder.

Mr. Toon does not quite know how he succeeded in getting his feet into this pliable mood. He supposes that playing around the streets of Mandalay had something to do with it. He was tumbling in the gutters one day when he saw a man twirling glass balls and sword-canes with his hands. Mr. Toon says that it then occurred to him that what the old style of juggler did with his hands, he (Mr. Toon) might do with his feet. And he tells us that he worked day and night for many years until he had reduced his theory to practice.

"I never turn my face from the people in the chairs, and I never move any part of my body save the muscles of the neck and the feet," he says.

Whenever Mr. Toon's feet grow weary and refuse any longer to obey his will he will yet be worth his weight in precious stones as a tattooed man to the dime-museum. See Moung Toon and his partner Moung Chet side by side in their lithe, sinewy, tiger-like grace, and you are confronted by the most amazing specimen of tattooing ever witnessed in civilization. From the calf of his leg up to the waist, Mr. Toon is a human map in blue. Every inch of his hard flesh is hidden by squares and circles filled in with designs in the figures of animals and birds.

It took just three weeks to paint Moung Toon in blue ("hammered it in with a stamp and a chisel," says his manager), and he lay ill for three weeks more before he recovered. He has, however, the happy consciousness of knowing that snakes can not harm him. Mixed with the Indian ink is a powerful solution of an alcohol peculiar to Burmah and called "soy." This alcohol is warranted to kill the rattlesnake who tries to experiment with Mr. Toon.

"The snake he come, he look at me, he jump—so—he bite," says Mr. Toon with a feline display of every gleaming tooth in his head. "Then he drop—so"—with a sharp swoop of the hand—"I pick him up and put him on my shoulder and walk away." The skins of ten departed rattlesnakes bear out the truth of Mr. Toon's illustration.

SAQUI SMITH.

Remarkable Feats of Horsemanship.

HOW CAVALRY HORSES ARE TRAINED TO CLIMB DOWN ALMOST PERPENDICULAR CLIFFS.

So extraordinary as to seem incredible are the feats of horsemanship pictured herewith, which are a part of many others that are daily performed in the Italian cavalry service. They are vouched for not only by the photographs, but also by many reliable eye-witnesses, among them the British military attaché

at Rome. Long and careful training of strong, intelligent and courageous horses is the explanation of these seeming impossibilities. They could be accomplished by a well-trained horse under a good rider anywhere, particularly in the West by our cowboys, but are specially practiced in the Italian army because of the Alpine climbing the cavalymen must frequently do in times of war.

The photographs here shown were taken in the mountainous regions of Pinerolo, but the training begins in the cavalry school at Tor di Quinto, in the Campagna, and at the school at Piedmont. The horses selected for this work are chiefly English and Irish hunters, although some are Italian bred. They are light, yet very powerful, and possess an unusual degree of intelligence. At Tor di Quinto an old gravel-pit, with sides varying in height from six to forty feet, is used for the first training. At the beginning the horse is made to ascend and descend the bank at its lowest part, but gradually, as its confidence in itself and the sureness of its footing increases, the ascents and descents become higher, until at last the horse will put his fore-feet over an almost perpendicular bank, sit down on his quarters and slide down many feet, giving when near the bottom a great leap, which is calculated to make the hair of the average spectator stand on end.

Such is the strength, agility, and fearlessness of the horse, however, that almost invariably he lands safely. But much, of course, depends upon the rider; the latter must have confidence in himself and in the animal under him. If he possesses this confidence and unfaltering nerve he can successfully take one of these trained and sure-footed horses through precipitous regions where the risks seem quite appalling. The Irish hunters make, on the whole, the best mountain-climbers. Even in Ireland, without special training, they often do some astonishing climbing.

The facility with which well-bred hunters are trained in this direction illustrates the courage and versatility, if the term may be used, of a good horse. In all cavalry schools he is made with ease to stand perfectly still under the loudest detonations of artillery. This is accomplished by first firing a revolver within a short distance of him. By degrees the weapon is brought closer to his head and others are added to increase the sound of the report until finally the cavalry horse remains passive within a few feet of the heaviest cannon sending forth its thunder. It is more difficult to teach the horse to charge toward guns in action, but by dint of exercising him in the face of artillery and rifles from which blank shots are being fired he at last becomes convinced that they possess no harm for him and will then carry his rider "even to the cannon's mouth."

J. H. W.



BEGINNING THE DESCENT OF A GRAVEL-PIT.




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